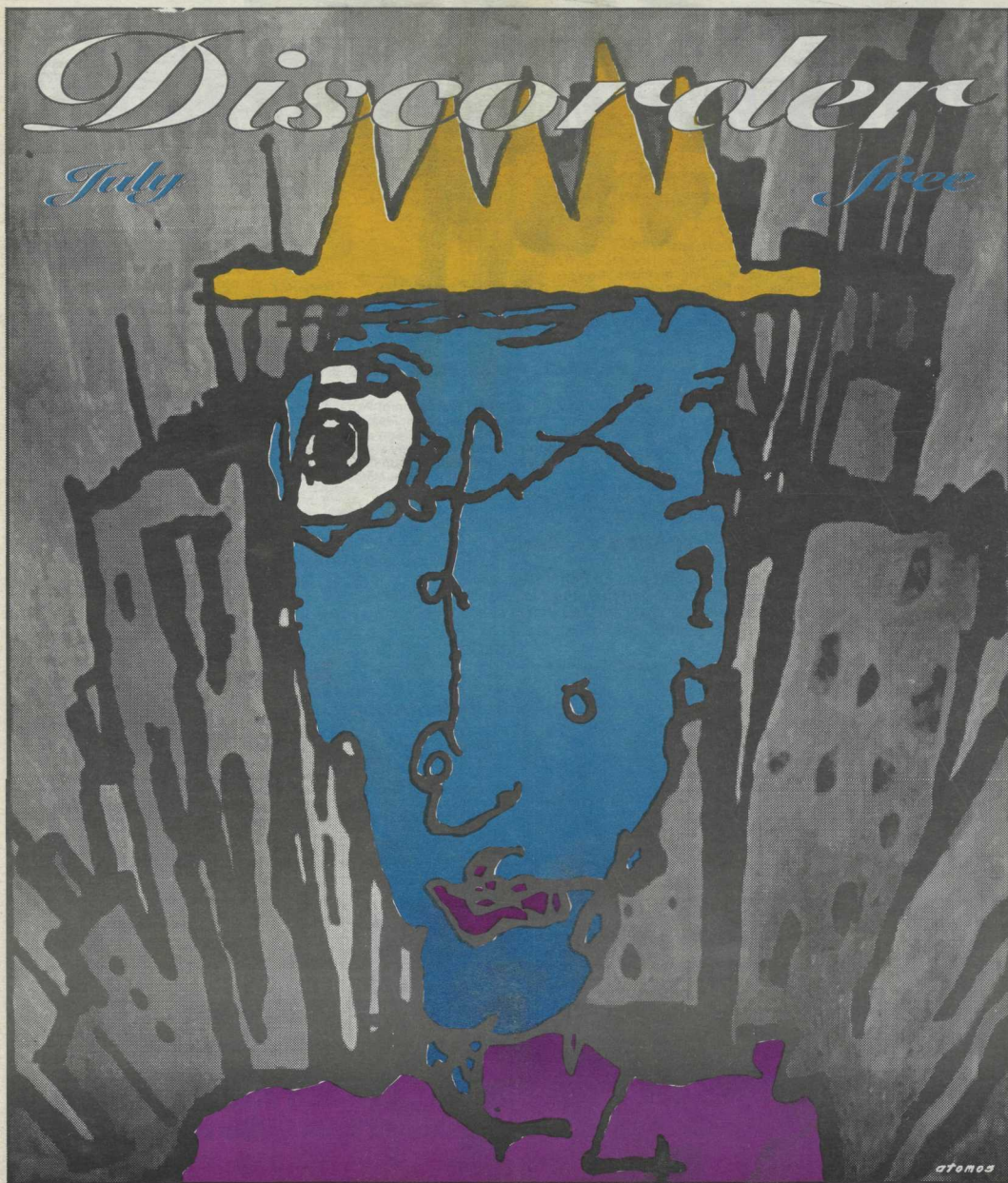


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DISORDER

JULY 1994 ISSUE #138

DIS-cover

After two covers designed by natives of the city that lost to the Canucks in the FIRST ROUND of the '94 playoffs, we decided to go no further than our own back yard, where we found veteran Art Director Mark "Atamos" Pilon digging in the sandbox. He was kind enough to lay down his shovel for a few minutes and put together the nifty cover you saw just seconds ago. It features his own painting, The Monk of Terminal Town which was sold to a mystery buyer whose identity he desperately seeks. If you own the original of this startling piece, please contact Mark here at the station (822-3017).



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From USC to Langley and Squamish to Seelye, CTR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except those in White Rock. Call the CTR (1) line at 822-2487, our offices at 822-3017, our news and sports lines at 822-2477, fax at 822-8064, or write DISORDER.

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7

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8

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9

everyone needs a little
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11

RUSS TOLMAN
psychedelic cowboy hits
the skids

12

THRUSH HERMIT
live from lobster land

14

drunk on the road with
MADDER ROSE

15

petra and gemma explore
the oral fixations of BITE

16

VIDEO PHILTER

18

VANCOUVER
SPECIAL

19

7

MOFO'S PSYCHO-
SONIC PICKS

21

UNDER REVIEW

22

REAL LIVE ACTION

23

CHARTS

24

ON THE DIAL

25

COMIX

26

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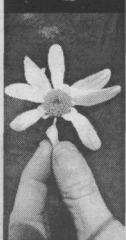
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IT'S

DISORDER

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TIME AGAIN!

The August issue will play host to the second annual Directory - a compendium of contact numbers and addresses of the folks who are making noise these days... and the businesses who support their artistic endeavours. 17,500 copies of the Directory will be circulated, with over 200 bands, studios and contacts in the Vancouver area and beyond. Your ad will be reaching thousands of musicians and other music biz folks in the only publicly-distributed FREE music directory in town.

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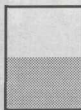
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Back Cover	\$230
Inside Front Cover	\$210
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mag size V

"We're cheap and we're good. 'Nuff said."



Dear Disorder,
I am grateful for the help [the media] is providing with regard to redirecting attention toward the presence of these so-called "flesh-eating" bacteria with regard to injury or illness among our people (rather than the alleged HIV and aberrant cells).

But as I have tried to explain for fifteen (15) years now, it is a consequence of relying on an animal based diet, especially from animal factory farms. When will the media place these risks into perspective? Encourage people to rely less heavily on an animal based diet [and to] have a few glasses of an alcoholic beverage to not only reduce the population of such "bugs" in their blood and digestive system, but also [to] allow them to have some fun or be intimate (and by intimate, I don't mean engaging in Rimming, French Kissing, Oral Sex or Sexual Intercourse) to help them reduce their stress level in our "insane" society! Why use deception & terror?

Yours truly,
Garry Kurtz

Huh?

Dear Disorder,
I have been meaning to do this for sometime. I know that you surely must get some hate mail from others more "discerning" than yourselves.

I find it absolutely amazing that your endeavors (sic) are allowed to come into print from the sheer lack of technical ability. I will say that their some (sic) who will make up for the lapse, but those are few and far between.

There are many things that I should have attacked you for in the past(sic): a glowing review of the most abhorrent publication on earth, Peter Posots' Pure, how on earth can anyone call kiddy-porn one the greatest forms of self expression. I still would like to find the monster that wrote that particular article and shoot him myself.

So much for you and your discrimination. Because if such

polluted individuals are allowed to publish in your "magazine" really makes your "genius" shine through, doesn't it?

Having seen the quality degenerate into something resembling (sic) the same ethics as Sassy, I cannot help but to say that you are truly (sic) doomed. Not that I am going to kill you or anything, it just brings a smile to my face that one day you will get your's for being so trite.

One of those **Superconductor** people.

Didn't Oscar Wilde say something about a bad reputation being much better than no reputation at all? Well, what can I say? The very fact that I'm printing this letter supports the author's contention that Disorder will print the most poorly written, petty and inconsequential drivel we can get our hands on.

By the way, this letter wouldn't have anything to do with Paul calling Superconductor a "circle jerk disguised by a smoke machine" in last month's issue, would it? I have never actually seen your band but I think I have to agree with Paul that you guys are indeed dateless if you've got nothing better to do with your time than read Sassy (Do they really publish kiddie porn? I never would have imagined...) and write nasty letters to magazine editors. Oh well, I'm sure I'll hear from you again soon...

Disorder,
If there are any budding young poets out there, CTR wants to hear from you! The Poetry Show (every other Wednesday from 1:15 - 3:00) is looking for submissions: leave a message for Scotia at 822-3071.

Speaking of submissions, thanks to all of you who sent in postcards for last month's Sonic Youth contest. The correct answer to the multiple choice question was whatever you wrote down, so, Canada Post willing, your beautiful slabs o' vinyl are on the way. And for those of you who missed out, look a little to the right for another chance to win some booty!

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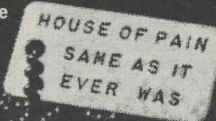
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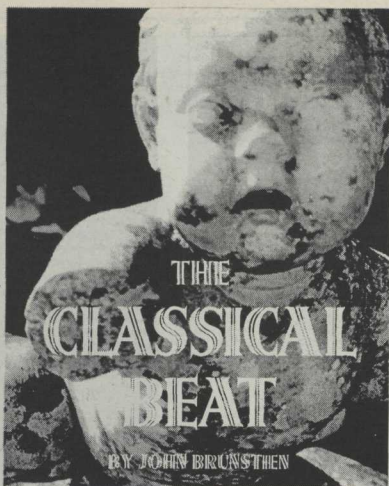


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IT WAS ABOUT THAT TIME THAT TRACEY HEADED OUT TO THE PORCH TO SEE HOW ED WAS DOIN'. ED HAD SHOT OFF HIS TOE ABOUT AN HOUR EARLIER AND FOR SOME STRANGE REASON HE TOLD EVERYONE TO JUST KEEP ON WITH WHAT THEY WERE UP TO AND PAY HIM NO MIND. HE WAS AN INDEPENDENT SORT BUT THIS WAS SOMEHOW DIFFERENT, EVEN FOR ED. AUNT RUTH SAID HE WAS JUST LOOKING FOR A LITTLE SYMPATHY BUT I HAD OTHER IDEAS. ED HAD BEEN HURTIN' LATELY—HIS GIRL HAD JUST RUN OFF WITH THE HORSE BREEDER DOWN THE ROAD A SPELL AND SHE LEFT HIM A NOTE SAYIN' THAT SHE NEVER REALLY LOVED HIM ANYWAYS. SHIT, POOR GUY COULDN'T SEEM TO GET AN EVEN BREAK. SHOOTING HIS TOE OFF WAS AN ACCIDENT THAT JUST SEEMED TO FIT IN WITH WHERE ED WAS AT THESE PAST FEW WEEKS. THINGS COME AND GO BUT SHIT ALWAYS HAPPENS, ESPECIALLY TO ED, IT SEEMS ED HAD JUST COME BACK FROM HUNTING FOR SOME KIND OF RABBIT OR ANOTHER AND WAS CLEANING THE GUN, RESTING THE BARREL AGAINST HIS FOOT WHEN "WHAMMO" THE THING JUST GOES OFF. AND NOT ONLY IS HIS BIG TOE NO LONGER WITH HIM BUT DAMN IF HE DOESN'T HAVE TO GET A NEW PAIR OF BOOTS AS WELL NOW. WALKING SHOULDN'T BE A PROBLEM THOUGH SEEING AS HE HAS A CANE FROM WHEN HE BROKE HIS LEG EARLY LAST YEAR—AFTER WILBUR'S SUPERBOWL PARTY HE RAN HIS CAR INTO THE DITCH OUT ON ROUTE 26, JUST BACK OF THE CHEVRON THAT WALLY WORKS AT.

TRACEY SAYS ED'S JUST SORT OF SITTIN' THERE WITH A BLANK LOOK ON HIS FACE AND HALF A BOOT ON HIS FOOT...WELL, WHAT DO YAD? I HOPE THE PICK-UP DOESN'T NEED FUELLING 'CAUSE I'D SURE HATE TO RUN OUT ON THE WAY TO THE DOCTORS AND SEND ED OUT TO FETCH SOME. POOR GUY, BUT, YOU KNOW, THAT'S ED. GTH



All right, so the Stanley Cup playoffs are finally over and people's lives are beginning to return to normal. This means, presumably, that people might be

looking for entertainment at venues other than the ice rink this month; if so, they're in luck. But first let's cover what was happening in music on the night

of Game Six. [Also known as the night of the Canucks' final victory against the Rangers. Kirk McLean is God. - Ed.]

As fate would have it, that was also the first evening of the VSO's performance of its last concert of the 93-94 regular season. (If that last sentence seems a little strange, it's because the last concert was performed twice: first on Saturday, June 11, and then on the following Monday, June 13.) In conjunction with the Vancouver Bach Choir and the Vancouver Bach Children's Chorus, the VSO put on a performance of excerpts from three operatic works. The evening proved to be a test of the Orpheum's acoustics both from the inside and from the outside in: the 8:00 pm start coincided perfectly with the rising cacophony of horns and cheers celebrating the Canucks' victory.

Appropriately, the concert was opened by someone dressed in a Canucks uniform, complete with stick and helmet, taking the conductor's podium and announcing in a Russian accent

why we should win the cup. And so, with a final wave of the omnipresent white towels by many of the members of the orchestra, the concert began with a set of scenes from Musorgsky's tragic opera *Boris Godunov*.

The son of a well-off landowner, Musorgsky was trained as a member of the Russian Imperial Guard and had little training in music. None the less, composition interested him and his efforts to write music of a nationalist nature gained him a place among the country's musical elite, known as the 'kuchka' or clique. Another prominent member of this elite was the naval officer Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov, a skilled composer who helped Musorgsky with the orchestration of many works, including *Boris Godunov*.

Based on the true story of a Russian Tsar who reigned from 1598 to 1605, the opera is a dramatic and somber work which reflects the unrest and upheaval of the time while focusing on the guilt and remorse-ridden thoughts of the Tsar, who attained the throne only after the rightful heir had been killed by some unknown assassin. The gloomy mood of the work was too much for the Imperial Opera, who refused to perform the work until Musorgsky rewrote it to contain a love interest. This revised version premiered in 1874 but was reworked once more by Rimsky-Korsakov in 1908 to bring it to its final form.

I should probably preface the following comments with the admission that I can by no means consider myself anything but ignorant about opera in general. None the less, I felt that the orchestra and choir set themselves an impossible task in the performance of this opera and, while both performed well, the result fell short of complete success. Despite the inclusion of an expanded percussion section, the cotation bells at the end of the first act were (as best as I could tell) a recording accompanied by two percussionists; an orchestration which I am sure the composer did not have in mind. The orchestra and the choir performed well but relatively minor parts in comparison to Gary Relyea (Boris), who almost single-handedly and without the benefit of sets other than his own costume had to set a mood of pathos. As Mr. Relyea was nearly invisible from the balcony (being well forward on the stage), this effect was not very well achieved. In fact, when he finally fell down dead in the end of Act V it was more inane than doleful.

Such a result was not at all that surprising, really. An opera, after all, uses acting and sets in conjunction with the music to set the tone and tell a story. With two of the three missing, *Boris Godunov* is too emotionally demanding to hold up, despite the undisputed technical abilities of both the orchestra and choir.

The second work in the performance was also from a Russian opera, Alexander

Borodin's *Prince Igor*. Another of the five composers considered to be in the 'kuchka', Borodin was first and foremost a world renowned organic chemist and could only spare sporadic bits of time to work on his composing. Inspired by the story of the Tartar invasions of Russia in the twelfth century, his *Polovtsian Dances* were written in 1875 but were not performed as part of the whole opera until 1890. Set in the camp of the invading Khan, they present a captured Prince Igor being entertained by Tartar warriors singing of their homeland and the mighty power of their leader. Unlike the previous work, the *Polovtsian Dances* rely almost entirely upon the orchestra and choir to set a frenzied mood, to great effect. The controlled fierceness of the choir, together with a wonderfully sharp performance by the orchestra, made one feel that the Mongol warriors were right there, ready to go forth and wreak havoc for their Khan.

After the intermission, the program continued with the Prologue to Arrigo Boito's only completed opera, *Mephistopheles*. The son of an artist and destitute countess, Boito entered the Milan Conservatory in 1853 but was considered a mediocre student. His career was mostly as a librettist, writing text for other composers such as Verdi. He became occupied with the story of Faust's tragic search for learning and, unsatisfied with Gounod's opera on the subject, began his own. After several years' work interrupted by writing poetry and a stint in the military under Garibaldi, he completed the first version of *Mephistopheles* for a premiere at La Scala in 1868. The event was heavily publicized in advance and drew a large audience for what turned out to be a disaster. The original version consisted of five acts stretching nearly as many hours; the choir members were of questionable talent; and, finally, despite having no skill as a conductor, Boito took on the role himself. The exhausted audience made their feelings clear and a deflated Boito withdrew the work for extensive revisions.

One part of the work, however, clearly needed no revision: the prologue, in which the Devil enters a cloud-enclosed heaven to make a bet with God for possession of the soul of Faust. Even in the first performance this section was very well received, and for obvious reason as was so aptly demonstrated in this performance. Boito's cynicism and biting humor came through in *Mephistopheles'* view of human hubris, set against a stunning musical setting of enormous orchestra and triple choir (featuring Gary Relyea performing the bass section along with a mixed and a children's choir). The fantastic percussion (including a skillfully done sheet-metal effect for rolling thunder) was balanced against a strident

brass section in a stunningly harmonic backdrop to the powerful singing of all three parts. For added emphasis, the orchestra placed several key members of the brass section high in the wings of the balcony; the resulting surround-sound effect was truly awe-inspiring. The choir was equally impressive, responding to Mr. Relyea's Mephistopheles in perfect union. The children's choir took the parts of the cherubim to perfection with unsurpassed clarity and timing. A lot of hard work and practice must have gone into the performance and the standing ovation it received was certainly well deserved.

The take home lesson of this operatic performance as a whole would seem to be that some works are simply not setting to retain their integrity while others (or especially single parts of others, no longer intended to be part of a larger story) can stand on their musical strengths alone. Record producers seem to have recognised this already; in my experience recordings of collections of individual arias, prologues, or overtures far outnumber recordings of entire operas. Hopefully the music directors of the VSO and VBC will come to the same conclusion.

Well, now that you've seen some of what there was last month, let's check out what's available for this month's listening pleasure. July is pretty much dominated by the Vancouver Early Music Festival (put on, of course, by the Vancouver Early Music Society) which has no less than six concerts scheduled. On Sunday the 17th, *The King's Noisy works* by J.S. Bach on baroque lute; on Wednesday the 20th, virtuosic works of the 17th century are performed as "Birth of the Baroque"; on Friday the 22nd, Stanley Ritchie (violin) and Elisabeth Wright (keyboard) perform as Duo Geminiani; on Sunday the 24th, the ever-popular Sequenza from Cologne will perform a program entitled "Dante and the Troubadours"; on Tuesday the 26th, *The King's Noisy works* perform "English Ballads for Voice and Violin Band"; and finally, on Friday the 29th, members of the UBC Faculty of the Renaissance and Baroque program and guests will perform a program of, of course, Renaissance and early Baroque music. All of these works are at 8:00 pm at the UBC Recital Hall. While tickets are often sold at the door for Early Music Society concerts, several of these are likely to be very popular so if one of them really catches your fancy I would suggest getting tickets in advance (you can call the Society at 732-1610). In any event, seating at the Recital Hall is open so arrive early if you're choosy about where you go to see music.

That wraps it up for this month, good listening until next issue!



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story which has been told many times, but Pope includes a few subtle new twists. The art, however, has many fine moments and some nice jazz/guitar images. This is Pope's second novel, his first was *San Tulo*. Reach Paul at 25 W. Oakland Ave., Columbus, OH, 43201.

Andy Hartzell
Hartzell is a scream. I picked up his two-in-one book featuring Walter Ego All-American Sissy and Little Carrie Cross The "Born Again" Kid. Walter Ego is a goody two-shoes simp who dares to be the worst - a classroom finik. Walt's half of the book is full of one page gags and a story about fashion statements (Ego wears black knee-highs to match his school uniform). Little Carrie Cross is even funnier than Ego: an adopted girl (her parents felt it was God's will for them to take in a "little heathen child"), she's almost sent back to the shady store she came from when, as a last resort, she's plunked down in front of religious tv programming for a week with, erm, miraculous results. Andy's comics send up the religious right, the rich upper class and poor white trash - he

ain't fussy. There must be more available. Write Andy at @ 7083 Kenwood St., Las Vegas (0000h), NV, 89117.



Don't Shoot It's Only Comics Various
This was the ninth issue of this anthology and (whoa) the Love & Sex issue. I'm such a sucker for theme related collections! Really great work including Bobby Madness' 'Tom Teenager' character (a believable teen-punk); Chris O'Brien; Finnish contributor Maria Bjorklund and

about 11 others. Magazine sized. Send three bucks to 140A Harvard Ave., Box 308, Allston, MA, 02134.

The Complete BONE Adventures:
Jeff Smith
By the time you read this issue #15 of Jeff Smith's incomparable comic, *Bone*, will be on the shelves. Stylistically, *Bone* compares to the simple timelessness of classic comics (Pogo, Peanuts...heck, the intro's by Will 'Spirit' Eisner). *Bone* is quite original in content, featuring the mystical adventures of a trio of cousins in a far away kingdom: with Bone (our hero), Smiley Bone (the nice yet dumb one) and Phoney Bone (the wicked greedy one), anything is possible. This first collection of issues one through six is the place to start. The comic can be read on different levels by kids and adults - just look for the subtext. The subtle double takes the characters make are priceless. I won't be picking up the individual issues, but the moment the second collection hits the store I'll be on my way downtown. With luck the wait won't be too long. Jeff can be reached at PO #1583 Los Gatos, CA 95031-1583.

WANNA PARTY?



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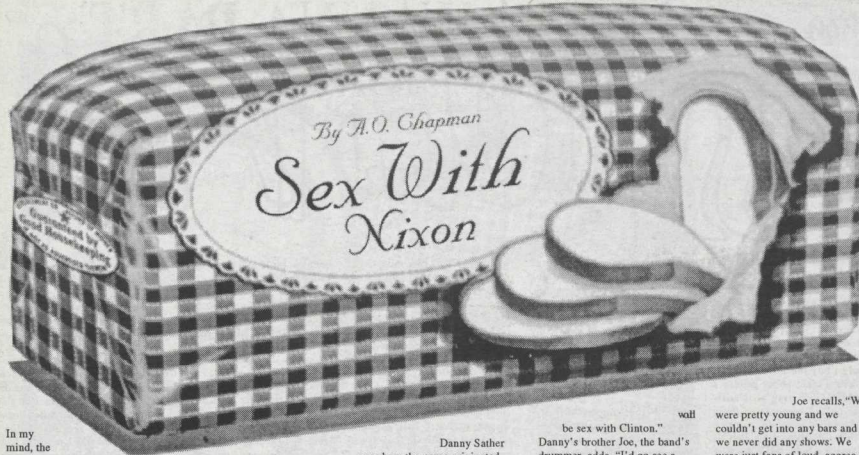
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In my mind, the idea of having sex with Richard Nixon conjures up images which are neither particularly romantic nor erotic. Personally, I think I'd have to be pumped full of gonorrhea tranquilizers before I'd even consider hopping in a bed containing Nixon's naked and

waiting form, but I'm sure that there's some demented oaf out there who would consider such an act to be investigating. Sexual nightmares aside, I think Sex With Nixon is a great name for a band, so one of the first things I asked when I met Nixon singer and guitarist

Danny Sather was how the name originated. "My cousin Rebecca came up with the name. It came from a concept that the people that you hang out with are in a four year age range of yourself. The idea was that our parents were having sex during the Nixon era, so we're the products of sex with Nixon. If you were born today it

be sex with Clinton." Danny's brother Joe, the band's drummer, adds, "I'd go see a band who called themselves Sex With Nixon so I figured I would be in as well."

I first encountered Sex With Nixon accidentally when I happened to be at a downtown venue where the band was playing. Before they went onstage, I overheard Danny casually remarking to some people behind me that he had a sore throat and wasn't feeling well. With this in mind, I expected the band to play a quiet, unremarkable gig. When they took to the stage, however, they performed with more spirit and intensity than most bands could hope to have. And as for Danny himself, ill or not he played with more energy and urgency than a Tasmanian Devil hopped up on a hundred gallons of PCP.

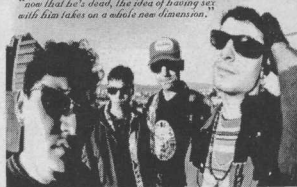
Considering the band's reserved off-stage demeanor, it's easy to be surprised and impressed by their enthusiasm during live performances. Many people are, says Danny. "I worked on a film set for three days and I met this girl on the set. Anyway, we got to know each other a little bit and on the last day she gave me a ride home. We got to talking about music [and] I told her I sang in this band called Sex With Nixon. She said, 'No you're not, I've seen them before [and] you're nothing like that guy - he's crazy and all fucked up on stage!' She couldn't believe that was me."

Sex With Nixon founding members Danny and Joe Sather began their musical exploits as teenagers in suburban Richmond, playing in a short-lived band called Nuclear Jello.

Joe recalls, "We were pretty young and we couldn't get into any bars and we never did any shows. We were just fans of loud, aggressive rock music - not speed metal or heavy metal or that stuff." Danny continues: "Growing up, punk rock like GBH, the Pistols [and] Dead Kennedys was really my thing. I just never saw any other form of live music that had the passion and intensity that it had."

Leaving the earthquake doomed Richmond for a couple of years in 1988, the Sather brothers moved to Calgary with plans to eventually return to Vancouver to form a band. When they did return in 1990, Sex With Nixon began to take shape with Jason Slye joining on lead guitar. The band's original bassist, Darren Morris, decided to leave, forcing Danny to fill in on bass himself. Joe

"now that he's dead, the idea of having sex with him takes on a whole new dimension."



explains, "Danny filled in a bit in rehearsals, but we only did one show which was at the Coast 1040 farewell show at the Commodore. Dan was admittedly not great on bass, and Rich Priske came up afterwards and told us we needed a real bass player! We knew him from Chrome Dog and the Real McKenzies, so he joined and it's been a much different band ever since." Priske chimed in jokingly, "Yeah, I got them to get rid of the make-up, spandex

and bouffants! Really, though, I just happened to be at the show and I enjoyed them. But I originally just went backstage to drink their beer ride! When I saw them I told them they needed a real bass player."

The band have never tried to nail down their sound or description and have consequently been difficult to classify. Joe explains, "Everybody's influences in the band...cross all the boundaries from ska to straight ahead rock and roll to jazz. Perhaps not so completely in the music itself as in the spirit. The songwriting is done by everybody in the band; everybody has influence and input so that's why we probably have a diverse sound. People try and pigeonhole bands for marketing reasons, but we just try to write good songs and be an entertaining band."

While the band has had label interest of late, they've already gone into the studio on their own to record and release an independent album. Like any good live band, their goal is undoubtedly to capture the intensity of their live show on tape. If the songs they recorded for Nudge Records' *Show And Tell: Volume 1* compilation ("Come" and the amazing "Pass The Stone") are any indication of what's to come, the band needn't have any worries about their future songwriting and recording.

"We hope to have a good solid sound and not overproduce the recordings themselves," says Joe. Still, he is the first to admit that the live Sex With Nixon is the best Sex With Nixon: "I don't think we could justify having people play to the shows singing whatever amount it is and not giving them 100% of what we had. Playing live ends up being so cathartic for us."

With Sex With Nixon's reputation as a hot live act growing, the band's horizons are looking pretty good. "After finishing the recording we'll be hopefully be touring Canada in the summer and looking towards Europe in the long run," remarks Joe, adding, "We're still a fairly new band."

Richard Nixon was still alive when the band that bears his name first began; now that he's dead, the idea of having sex with him takes on a whole new dimension. Given that, and the promising outlook and relatively new line-up of the band, it's practically a whole new Sex With Nixon. Now even sexier...

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"WAY MORE PUNK"

By rob Harrison

TRU WEST

Pool halls used to be grimy, dingy fire traps in which you couldn't see anything twenty feet in front of you due to the lack of lighting and the cigarette smoke. There were inefficient signs screwed to the wall that threatened banishment from the premises if you swore or played a game of pool with its own unique modifications to the rules. Occupying the tables were guys who, scant years earlier, beat the crap out of you after elementary school or in the parking lot beside the auto shop wing at high school. They would reluctantly share their precinct with admiring young apprentices who discreetly lusted after their girlfriends but were smart enough to look away when looked at, accepting relegation to the corner tables with

the warped rolls and patched felt. Except for the sound of balls colliding and the jukebox sitting on a tiny stage lodged in a corner of the room, the silence of the players was breached by the occasional 'aww...luck' of the loser, who had to buy the next round, or worse. Forget about getting a table here. Putting your quarters on the bumpers to these guys didn't mean shit.

A place like this, I thought, would make the best atmosphere for listening to the dusty, personable songs of Russ Tolman; songs that meld hope and alienation to a roadhouse strum. Instead, I was chugging iced tea on a stool inside Automotive, the Yaletown nonconformist euphorium that is dedicated to elevating billiards into a di-

version for the sideburned and bell-bajomed and demolishing the pastime's redneck heritage, just as the true heritage of tattoo's and Harley Davidsons has been demolished. It wasn't my idea to come here and listen to Russ, but Music West designated the poolroom as one of its schmooze-con performance venues.

Travelling by bus after playing a show in Seattle the previous evening, Russ's arrival at the festival was delayed by a misunderstanding between him and the organizers of Music West over who was to pay for the one hundred dollar performance permit he needed to play in Canada legally. Tolman had to disembark his bus at the border crossing, forsake his guitar and other belongings to the custom guards

and hot-foot it two miles to a store with a bank machine. He managed to secure a seat on the next bus and made it to Vancouver in time for his first show at the festival. (He was eventually reimbursed for the permit.)

Although I welcomed the opportunity to see and hear Tolman at Music West, I felt that if this were an ideal world (in my mind anyway), Russ wouldn't have to walk any further down the music industry's catwalk to find an audience. Despite perseverance, durability and a remarkable oeuvre spanning fourteen years, Tolman's situation is an all-too-good example of the hypocrisy existing in alternative music, a movement which refuses to accept a before performer on the basis of musical merit. As a member (some said 'driving force') of the early 80's western-psychedelia crew True West, Tolman and his bandmates were sucked in by hype and promises until the life was sucked right out of them. After leaving True West (or, as he succinctly corrected me, "I got booted out of the band"),

Tolman's subsequent solo career has yielded four albums, with a fifth, *Sweet Spot*, fresh off the grill. Unfortunately for Tolman, the only diners who have acquired a lasting taste for his *auditive alimento* reside in Europe, where he has no problems being heard, distributed and booked into clubs. To be able to hear him on this continent (if you missed him at Music West, he'll be back on July 23rd with ex-Lost Durango member Greg Potter at the Malcolm Lowery Room), you have to attend one of his rare gigs or pay exorbitant import prices for his discs.

Tolman's plate was unusually full on the night I saw him. Before the Automotive set he opened for the Blue Shadows at the Press Club and later earned the balance of his plane ticket home by playing one of Downtown Sound's patented all-night slakes. My attempt to interview him that night fell through when, upon introducing myself, he quizzically held out his hand and said, "Hello." I learned that night that no matter how much you talk with someone on the phone, especially an interview subject, he won't always remem-

ber you. I told him this when he called the next day and he sheepishly made amends, "Ohhhh no. Um...I really am sorry about this."

Hours later, inside Downtown's stuffy control room, my disappointment over missing him the previous night took a back seat to Russ's own disappointment at his inability to eke out cult artist status at home, a predicament he's slowly learning to accept. "I used to be frustrated because I put a lot of effort into the State and didn't get much back," stated Tolman. "I put the same amount into Europe and something would come back. I like playing there and the attitude is different." Europe's always been friendly, fertile territory for American music that sounds American: rough and ready guitar driven rock, blues, or country complemented by good melodies and honest but intriguing wordplay. Where else in the world could a band like Dream Syndicate (fronted by Tolman's longtime friend Steve Wynn) have a Top Forty single but in, of all places, Greece?

The positive climate for Tolman and his contemporaries reaches beyond the common punter to booking agents and club owners as well: "If you play a show and it's not a good night and not very many people show up, the promoter [in Europe] goes, 'Wow, what did I do wrong?' I didn't do my job right." With people here in the States it's like, "You bastard, you didn't bring in enough people to drink beer in my bar." That's the whole difference in attitude. The people there really care about the music. It's not just a thing to sell here."

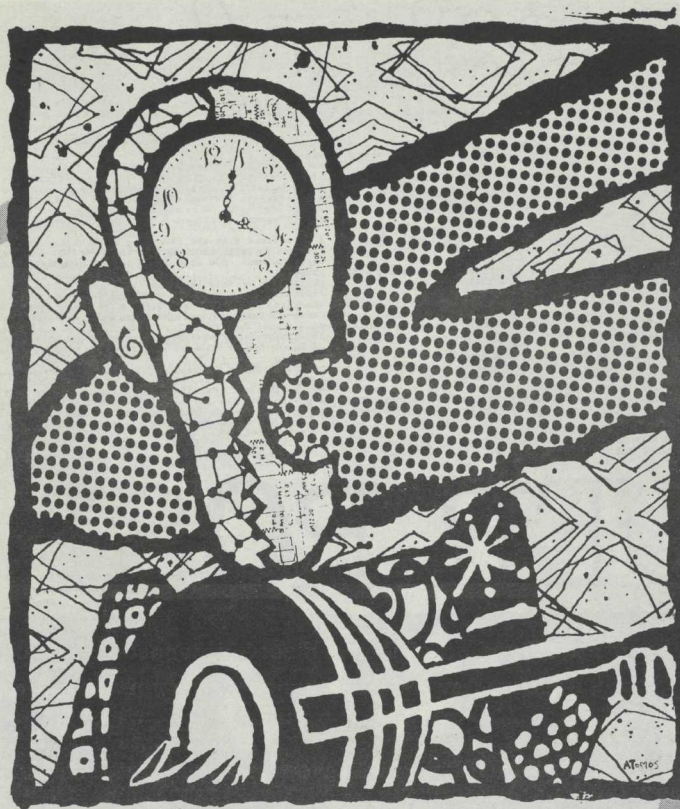
What Tolman would really like is to have folks back home care about his music; unfortunately, expatriate American artists tend to disappear from the public consciousness faster than torpedo bombers in the Bermuda Triangle. "I've come around to the point that back is taking care of itself. Partially, I think the reason why I don't have anything going on in the U.S. now is because I spend all my time in Europe."

When he does return from Europe to his home base of six years in Los Angeles (more specifically, Hollywood),

Tolman finds steady work as an office temp to keep him afloat in a city where he's traditionally treaded water. "It's [L.A.] never, ever been good to me. Even with True West, when we were flavour of the month, it wasn't the best city for us. I played there with my band three times last fall, and that was the first time in two years. I've also been doing some solo shows around there recently. I don't really know why I'm still in L.A. There's no real reason. It's just certain amount of inertia. Eventually, I will not be there..."

Tolman's real-life Hollywood Holiday began after his departure from True West in 1985. Based in the agricultural and college town of Davis (located seventy miles north-east of San Francisco), True West spearheaded a small but prolific scene populated by the likes of Game Theory, The Popeslopes, and, of course, Thin White Rope (whose drummer, Josh Becker, left West to play with Rope). The band was founded by Tolman and vocalist Gavin Blair following the demise of the Surpates, whose roster included founding Dream Syndicate members Steve Wynn and Kendra Smith. Tolman and Blair were joined by guitarist Richard McGrath ("He's always been my guitar hero," says Tolman), the late Kevin Staygold on bass, and Becker, who was later replaced by Steve Packenham. Tolman contributed some of his most memorable work as a musician, producer (for True West, his future solo work, The Popeslopes, and local cowpunks Lost Durango's 1986 ep *Evil Town*), and songwriter during his tour of duty with True West, but his profile within the band, both during and after his membership, was built up to monolithic proportions by the music press and eventually became a source of friction between Tolman and his bandmates. Ultimately, this tension would lead to his dismissal. "I think now, having a little perspective, I kind of feel like I owe those guys some apology," admits Tolman. "I was this drunken egomaniac. It was like, 'Well, I'm the talented one here. I'm the one pulling all the strings. I'm the one who's writing these songs and figuring out where the band is going, and

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you guys are just the players and I'm the coach." That wasn't really true. There was some truth to it, but a lot of times I got credit for things I didn't do and I never said, "Hey, that's not right, I didn't do that." There would be reviews that would say "Russ Tolman's guitar playing," and it wasn't my playing, it was Richard McGrath's."

A further examination of the black box from the crash of True West reveals that conflicting interests within the band combined with a belief in their own hype sent the band's collective esteem plunging onto the runway. "Our expectations were not in line with reality. I was not a patient guy at all. Richard was somebody who had been in a zillion bands and always got close, but never did it, so he was very jaded. We were always on the edge of getting that big deal and in my mind in those days, if we weren't doing something two weeks from now, it seemed like,

"Oh the world doesn't like us anymore, ohhhhh..." It was a bad situation in that my girlfriend was the manager of the band, and that was not good either for our relationship or the band." Aggravating the situation further was Tolman's fear of stepping outside boundaries he established but was reluctant to live in. "My thing was that I was too afraid to do my own songs and didn't think I knew that I could sing, so I was hiding behind the whole band thing."

The remaining members of the band made one album, *Hand Of Fate*, before shutting down in 1987 (Blair and McGrath moved to Seattle and formed the Fool Killers, who have two discs to their credit), while Tolman got the courage up to perform on his own.

Judging from his first solo recording, *Toten Poles And Glory Holes* (Down There—Bestless, 1986), the word "gutless" doesn't seem to fit Tolman. Im-

agine if James Newell Osterberg grew up in Needles listening to Blue Cheer and Merle Haggard - this should give you an idea of how Tolman's voice sounds on all-outers like "Looking For An Angel" and "Galveston Mud." On this album, which was recorded in Davis, Russ and his band, the Totem Poleman, go for a drive down to Bakersfield with the sonic intensity of 1966 Pontiac Strato-Chief, whose muffler has been shot to hell. His sophomore record, the stylish and controlled *Down In Heartache Town* (Skyclad, 1988), was recorded in Hollywood by Bad Religion's Brett Gurewitz and features longtime friends/poets Steve Wynn, Ivan Knight, Chris Cacavas and Robert Lloyd, among others, as well as female backup singers and horns. Both releases have been combined into a single CD by the English label Diabolo, the roots tentacle of Demon Records, and are available as an

import. Tolman's solo catalogue is rounded out by *Good-Bye John* (Skyclad-New Rose, 1990) and *Road Movie* (New Rose, 1992), all of which are only available on import.

The rough ride Tolman experienced over a decade of bringing his music to market has helped him refine and consolidate his most valuable commodity: songs. Tolman's songs are borne from a sentiment not unique in today's "blame Darryl" Freudian climate: "Pain. Mostly pain. Until recently, I had no other way to express feelings at all, other than through songs. Now I'm actually starting to write some happy songs...like, wow! What's this all about?" He has learned how to mine humor from his deep emotional caves to create self-deprecating, honest narratives such as "Something About A Rowboat," a poem inspired by an evening's drunken - and ultimately fruitless - infatuation with a Norwe-

gian woman friend. "That girl," Tolman recounts, "she's married now to my Norwegian booking agent; I didn't even know during the whole time that I was infatuated with her that they were an item in secret because he had recently broken up with her sister."

Sweet Spot, Tolman's fifth and as-of-yet unheard release, includes songs that conquer despair rather than merely confronting it. "The Best Is Yet To Come" combines this sentiment with vocal accompaniment by ex-Concrete Blonde dynamo Johnette Napolitano, whose recent work qualifies her for muse status on the subject. "When I was thinking about background vocals, she immediately came to mind."

A cover of the 1972 Johnny Nash classic "I Can See Clearly Now" reinforces this feeling on the disc and reaffirms Tolman's love for 60's soul and r&b that first reared its head on "Earthquake Town." Remembering himself as an impressionable thirteen year old hearing Nash's song for the first time, Tolman would love nothing more than to make a lasting impression of his own. "I think it's a real kick to have someone do my songs. Somebody might record it and sell a lot of records and then I don't have to work. Steve (Wynn) has this theory that after twelve, maybe fifteen years, you get your legend card and people start doing your songs whether you're good, bad or indifferent."

When Tolman returns to Vancouver this month the set list should include songs from *Sweet Spot* as well as composi-

tions spanning his entire back-catalogue, including True West's most memorable effort, "Hollywood Holiday" (which Tolman re-recorded for *Good Bye John*). Cashing in on what Elvis Costello has referred to as his "pleasant" (aka repetitive) creates a dilemma that both strengthens and limits Tolman's fan-base. "It's weird. A lot of people have never heard of me before and hear the stuff and go 'Wow, this is great' and get it from this fresh perspective and kinda get what I'm doing. But there are a lot of people who know me from before who see it through the eyes of True West, [who] see it in a different way and say, 'Well, we don't understand what you're doing,' or they liked what I was doing before. What I'm doing now, they don't quite get. All my 'ins' into the quote, 'industry,' are people who knew me from True West. What I'm doing now doesn't suit them or they're into something else."

Whatever his status among former friends and followers, Tolman's recent appearances at gatherings like South By Southwest in Austin, Texas and our own Music West Festival can only improve his profile with potential suitors and the grassroots listener, albeit one blade at a time. "I would like to have a Canadian release for *Sweet Spot*. My whole thing with playing here is to start playing this part of the world again."

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Named after a pigment dye and one of their early songs, New York's Madder Rose is currently touring in support of their second full-length release, *Panic On*. The band's major label debut, *Panic On* follows the release of a couple of self-produced singles and a semi-major label first album on Atlantic's indie subsidiary, Seed Records. As a result, to interview the band which I found out had made the *Crunk* jump to a major label, but my anxieties were quickly alleviated when I sat down with them in the cramped backstage space at the Commodore. Lead singer and frontman, the band consists of singer-guitarist Mary Dorsen, guitarist and vocalist Billy Cote, bass player Chris Dimaio and drummer Johnny Kick. While Billy seemed uncomfortable during the interview, hiding behind his hair and glasses, Mary was energetic and eager to talk about Madder Rose's move to Atlantic, also on the road, and the joy of gigging at a frozen district.

How would you compare being on Seed Records, which, although somewhat 'indie', is still a subsidiary of Atlantic, to now being fully endorsed by the major label itself?

Mary: We had more money to spend on making the second album, but our touring life hasn't really changed. It's weird, they Atlantic seem to be very busy trying to keep up what they can in the area of formerly independent and alternative labels. It really remains to be seen how what they do will affect what happens to us.

Billy: Personally, I find being on Atlantic very surreal. It's a sexy, sexy label.

Did you have any doubts about being on a major label? Mary: We had doubts about it in the beginning when they made the first offer to us, and then that was when they came up with the Seed offer. They offered us a regular Atlantic deal and we said no and then they offered us the Seed thing which was a much smaller budget and a lot less pressure. We signed with that with the agreement that when they decided the time was right they'd put us up on Atlantic. Now I guess I feel pretty ready, but when we were first signed we only played like 25 gigs, and I had never been in a band before. So it was all new to me and very intimidating. But now I kinda feel okay about it. I guess we're as good as anybody else out there.

Billy: Yeah, to put it this way, the only reason we're on a major label is because we felt that was the way to get our records out to the most amount of people and we wouldn't have gone with that if we weren't able to maintain control on the music itself. We wouldn't have made any sacrifices musically to be on a major label.

Mary: Pretty good. This is our first show with Buffalo Tom, so we're pretty excited.

How do you decide the song list for your sets?

Mary: We sort of kick it around about a half hour before we go on.

Johnny: It changes a lot. Sometimes we'll do certain openings, but a lot of times we'll throw on a new one or try something different.

What bands do you like to cover?

Mary: Right now the most frequent ones we're doing is a song by the Rolling Stones called "Sway" and a song by Sonic Youth called "Garages".

How does it feel to be on the Volume 9 compilation with superstar bands such as Sonic Youth?

Billy: Freaky! Mary: It was sort of wild when we saw it, and it was like, wow! There's that silly caption by each of our faces. I'm the "do lover" - "do lover"?

Do you have a favourite tour story?

Johnny: Pulling up to Fat Tuesday's.

Mary: In Augusta, Georgia, we played on the main drive at this drink establishment that served very sweet, frozen, slushy drinks with lots of alcohol in them. They did a live radio remote there with bananas and strawberry flavoured drinks.

Billy: We set up in the parking lot.

Mary: It was like a McDonald's that served alcohol.

Billy: But let me say this: they rocked the house.

Johnny: We rocked the highway!

a whole, not just as a bunch of individual songs?

Billy: Yeah, if you get a chance to make an album, ideally you want to conceptualize something for your band. You might as well try to make it conceptually together.

Mary: For the most part, we grew up in the '70's when the format was album-oriented rock, and you'd have a remote control to skip over songs, and you would sit and listen to the whole thing, start to finish. It had that long, maybe eight or nine songs, and things really seemed to fit.

I've noticed that the recording quality has evolved from really rough sounding 7" to a very full sounding second album. How much input do you have into that process?

Mary: When we made the 7", that was in an 8 track studio in our old bass player's house. When we made the first album, we made it in a 16 track studio in someone's basement, and with *Panic On* we used a 24 track studio that had everything you can imagine. It had to do with how much more sophisticated we got about what we do and how much better we got to understand what we want to do.

Billy: Also, with the 7", it was just us doing it - for better or worse, we arrived at pretty close what we had in mind. For the first album, we worked with a producer who we weren't well matched with, so that album didn't sound much like what we had hoped, and then, with the second album, we were a little more together. We worked with Mark Freedgood, who was very sympathetic to us in the studio and let us try everything we needed to, so this album sounds much closer to what we had envisioned. It's just a matter

Interview: Mike Hoffman

-since we didn't have to, I think it's fine. The other thing is too, I think when you're on a major you have to be very realistic about it in that, you know, that now could be our last album on a major and that'd be fine. We're totally prepared, if things don't work out, to make a record next year with Dischord Records. It doesn't matter, this just happens to be where we are now. Just because we're on a major we don't have ridiculous aspirations or expectations. As we all know, it's just a big corporation with a bunch of suits running it; even though they may have pony-tails, it doesn't matter - you have to keep that mind.

Do you feel part of a New York music scene?

Mary: There's definitely a scene. I wouldn't necessarily say we're a part of it; we have lots of friends who are in it, but we don't really sound like them. It's a little more punk scene, a little purist in its retro-sense. But it's fairly supportive within itself. I mean, a band like us comes along, and our friends are like, "Oh, they're doing that indie shit, or whatever, but I think they're generally happy for us that we've had good luck." It kind of makes everybody else around feel like they're doing a part of something that's getting some attention too. But the music is real different from ours.

What bands do you listen to?

Mary: Deverdriver, Combustible Edison, these are bands we've been listening to the past couple of days.

Billy: To La Zengo.

Johnny: Cabaret Voltaire, Peter Gabriel, Wire.

Mary: Yeah, lots of Wire.

Billy: Wire, Wire again, some more Wire.

Chris: Some more Wire after that.

Johnny: Yeah, lots of Wire.

Billy: And then Wire again.

Mary: A little William Shatner.

What would be your ideal tour then? Who would you love to play with?

Mary: How about us, To La Zengo, and Sonic Youth? Or us, Deverdriver, and PJ Harvey? Dream! I'd open for the Pretenders anyday too!

Billy: The Shores.

Mary: The Shirts, the Shores, the Maincoats, and us.

Last time you toured with Juliana Hatfield?

Mary: Yeah, that was really fun 'cause they're friends of ours. We opened for them for a month, and we've been out on our own for lots of months too, here and in England.

How's the present tour going?

Billy: They didn't know what the fuck hit them.

Johnny: Literally, there was this four lane highway.

Billy: Chris's bass amp was on the divider.

Mary: We sampled ambulances going by...

Billy: What drives you to write your songs?

Billy: It seems like writing is real internal. It's got more to do with - for me - what's going on emotionally than externally. I really draw on my emotions and what I'm feeling. But then again, on the last album, with "Gar Song" for example, that's about being away from home and dealing with a new set of circumstances relationship-wise. Cause it was the first time the four of us as a band had ever been together so much, like 24 hours a day. That song deals with getting to know everyone in a different way and also missing home. I guess that was fueled by what was happening externally and it was just my emotional interpretation of it. If I could be any more pretentious, that would be it.

Johnny: That, of course, is all a lie. That song is actually about Billy's experience as a hard-core antis-

man.

Mary: Do you ever wonder if you're expressing the intended emotions when you sing lyrics written by Billy? Mary: I used to before, but I don't really anymore. Now I kind of just feel that's my part of what we're doing to whatever the song is. You know, everybody's just putting their best kind of approach to it. At first I did 'cause I didn't know Billy very well and it's weird singing someone else's lyrics when you don't know them, but now I know him better and we've played these songs so much that I feel very close to them.

Do you make a conscious decision to make your album as

"For the most part, we grew up in the '70's when the format was album-oriented rock, and you didn't have a remote control to skip over songs, and you would sit and listen to the whole thing, start to finish."

of getting in a comfortable circumstance in a studio - working with the right people and having the proper amount of time to work out your ideas. As we go along, we're being a little more assertive with what we want, which helps too.

Has this become your career?

Johnny: This is it. Welcome to our portable living room!

Billy: Yeah, pretty much. We're not home much lately.

You're happy with it, though?

Johnny: This is it. Welcome to our portable living room! Billy: Yeah, pretty much. We're not home much lately.

You're happy with it, though?

Johnny: This is it. Welcome to our portable living room! Billy: Yeah, pretty much. We're not home much lately.

Billy: Like getting up.

Johnny: Hey, no drum questions?

Okay... when you played with the Juliana Hatfield

Three, you added Juliana's drummer on one of your songs.

Johnny: Yeah, it was a song called "Alter Boy" and it has a tribal-type beat. Playing with someone is really cool - we each played a ton, it was quite fun. One time, Sean from Juliana's band even came out - there were three of us - that was cool!

Johnny: Johnny liked it because he's incapable of playing the part himself.

Johnny: Yeah, I was really stoned and I couldn't keep up the pace.

At this point, the interview seemed to collapse (lapse?) into tour-speak and small-talk. I left the room feeling a sense of exasperation and happiness. I had never before gotten from an interview, nice people, nice conversation, and the show that followed was the nicest of all.

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As for coinciding with the XV Commonwealth games...yeah, right! Whose common wealth? This year's theme is **Colonialism on Trial** and its effects on indigenous people—all over the world.

Visual artists, bands, poets and performance poets are encouraged to submit proposals. Include your samples and lyric sheets. Don't be too formal, but be on time. Deadline is **Tuesday, July 5th, 1994**.

Info 988.ARTS

POBox 21552 1850 Commercial Drive Vancouver BC V5N 4A0

BITE®

Tampons



4 Regular
Absorbency
For Light to Medium Flow

interview by Krista James
written by Petra

After touring the east coasts of Canada and the U.S. last year, Montreal's Bite set out on their first cross-Canada tour this past May along with Newfoundland's Hardship Post. Hitting Vancouver just in time for MusicWeek, the band played two gigs at the Max as part of the festival before shimmying over to the Starfish Room for an evening gig with Scrawl. Both shows were well attended and well received, thanks in part to the success of the band's "Center 7" on college radio charts. Hanging out at the Starfish Room after their sound check, the band found a few spare minutes to talk about themselves, their songs, and their place in the women's music scene.

Bite consists of Nancy on drums, Julie on guitar and Denise on bass. Formerly a four piece, the band parted with singer Cecil 7 last January and have since developed a much tougher, heavier sound. "More slow and languid, chunky stuff," as Julie describes it.

Julie and Denise now share vocal responsibilities as well as sharing their instruments in their live shows, the two switch guitars in mid-set. All three band members write, finding inspiration in their emotional turmoil, late night bouts of indigestion and stories they've heard from friends. Denise has even converted a horny friends hormone-fueled poem about a blow-up doll into a song. The band also does a cover of the Subhumans' song "Slave To My Dick," the idea for which came about one night while Nancy was sitting around listening to records with friends. "It's all about the irony of irony - Subhumans wrote it as a parody of cock-rock and now we're doing a parody of parody!"

At a recent gig at Harpos in Victoria, Bite were billed as "cuddle-core from Montreal," a tag no one in the band is terribly comfortable with: "It's frustrating when we get labelled like that just because we're all girls. There's a band from Calgary, Chixdiggit!, that call themselves an all boy band. I think that's cool.

And to kill another bird with the same stone, Bite would also like to distance themselves from the riot girl scene. According to Julie, "It's a younger woman's thing, a high school thing."

Nancy elaborates: "We as a band have inspired a lot of young girls to do stuff. I like that. There's a band that started out basically because of us - but we're not riot girls. We're doing our own thing."

One of Bite's own things is the band's often controversial tampon box t-shirt logo. Their female fans are into it, but some of the boys don't seem to figure it out until after they've bought a shirt. Mike from Hardship Post complains that he can't wear his to work because his boss says it's inappropriate. Denise thinks that's just fine. "So we're inappropriate for some people, that's a good thing!"

CHIPMUNKS & SQUIRRELS

IN "THE COLOR OF LEPPY"

©1993 MICHAEL AUSHENKER



Video Philter



BY TANIA BOLSKEYA

I can feel it like it only happened an hour ago. I'm strolling up to the checkout at Safeway in Longview, Washington (for Washington, if you were born there, not my babysitter Connie when I saw *TI*: a glossy 8x10 booklet resting coolly against the rack. The cover was in full color with the legend *Teen Beat* spelled out in big pink letters on top of a close-up photo of my FAVORITE PEOPLE ON EARTH—DONNIE AND MARIE OSMOND! I knew then and there that I must possess this treasure.

My hand scrounged 89 cents forked over to the charming cashier ("Thank you for selling me this strange and wonderful book, ma'am.") "Uh-huh...," I scurried home to devour this prize. I could not believe that grown-ups had gone to the effort of putting together a magazine whose contents were devoted to everything I thought was exciting in the world of entertainment. I had the vague notion of the concept of a "magazine," but to my eight-year-old self the word meant Dad's *Golf Digest* (boring), the family's *National Geographic* (groovy maps), or my own *World* (interesting but in a school kind of way). This was something else: Pages and pages of information on all the stars of my favorite TV shows. PLUS features on Walt Disney movies! I had seen *Dad* pull out pins of the cutest boys in show business. The boys I adored (except, of course, his royal Dummies aka Captain Purple) but the bios and interviews I lapped up like the thirsty puppy I was.

My tastes changed in an orderly fashion throughout the ensuing years (*Teen/Tiger Beat* from 8-12, *True Confessions/True Romance* from 13-14, *Cosmo* from 15-17, *People* from 16-18 (or 16-26 if someone else buys it), *Premiere* from 20-23, and *Moviewine* from 23-26), but I've always sought out new, potentially stimulating avenues of information through magazines.

With the demise of big, expensively run ventures like *Life* that tried to appeal to everyone by covering every-

thing, publishers have discovered the lucrative market in specialty mags. Everyone has a hobby, interest, or affiliation that makes them feel both unique (the only guy on the block to know that much about model trains) and one of a community (the group of gals who take target practice together and gab about the great new assault rifles coming out on the market every time an issue of *Soldier of Fortune* comes out at the newsstand) and modern magazines exploit these quirks of personality.

There is nothing wrong with starting up a magazine and going after a niche, but however, the easiest bit of oversaturation has crept into the magazine industry. It's very difficult, as an avid whatever, to pore down the choices to one or two publications a month that fit exactly the specifications of your level of interest, intelligence and financial abilities.

As a writer equally devoted to the *Discover* readership and the wonderful, wacky world of show business (The "Biz" to the cognomines who run it), I have, at great cost to myself and my delicate constitution, purchased as many periodicals devoted to the North American film industry as I could find in this provincial outpost (all were purchased at Manhattan Books on Robson but most are found in other fine newstands around town) with the avowed intention of summarizing them in this quaint little column of mine.

I had I ventured to the bookstores of our neighbors down below the 49th parallel, I could have helped you to even more maps than I detail below. However, most of the ones I will discuss are American anyway, and any others that are not imported to Canada are generally trash aimed at the sick and horrifyingly fanatical elements of the US population that will buy any crap advertised as long as it's price ends in .95. (The entire Lorenzo Lamas catalogue for only \$19.95 per tape, \$199.95 if you order the whole set now!

Yes, that's 10 full-length feature films starring the incomparable Lorenzo Lamas for under \$200!) —

Understanding full well that nothing will ever fulfill your movie needs like "Video Philter", you may now proceed into the organically thrilling world of MOVIE MAGS! (Note: I will not be held responsible for any subscription OD's that result from this feature.)

PREMIERE - \$3.95

This is the biggest (budget) magazine and the most high profile. You can pick it up at the checkout at major supermarkets, the only movie (as opposed to entertainment) mag that they stock in this prestigious impulse buy 'trap. *Premiere* used to be informative and took a slightly critical look at projects past, present and future, but in the last two years it's become a mood-piece for the big studios. Whereas once it profiled up-and-coming actors, directors, writers, art directors and casting agents, it now has its spotlight aimed firmly on the well-established lead office honeys: Tom Cruise, Jack Nicholson, Mel Gibson and Steven Spielberg are frequent cover models. Its writers and contributors for the most part do not stand out because they are forced to come up with generic rah-rah! (read: samples that are designed to get the reader to buy into the mythology of Hollywood). The only unique bit in the mag is "California Suite", the regular column on the industry power plays. The features and interviews you could get from any promotional press kit - you may as well read *Marquee* or *Tribute*.

Frequency - monthly

Profit Oriented - You betcha, baby

Home Base - That city of angels. Names to look for/avoid - Libby Gelman-Waxner (like the plague)

Defining Quote - "Hair severely parted and slicked back, [Cotner] will play tonight's scene with his face a mask of sternness, repressing the golden, heroic quality he generally supplies as a leading man."

MOVIEWINE - \$2.95

When subversive goes mainstream, it looks like *Moviewine*. Setting itself up as the self-proclaimed sexy little sibling of *Premiere*, this smarter, funnier and hipper mag holds no one and nothing sacred. If it has one fault, *Moviewine* is too glibly critical, but that ain't gonna make me stop buying it. Interviews are challenging (recently, B-star Kirsty Swanson

was roasted on the glowing spit of her own egoism), features are thoughtful ("Why Actors Drink" recently spawned my own spinoff "Why Underappreciated Hack Film Critics Drink"), and the regular contributing smart asses make most of the columns strikingly enjoyable. The "Guest Who Don't Sue" and "Hollywood Kids" sections provide titillation for the whole family. The focus is on the regular Hollywood crowd but with a distinctly nose-thumbing air.

Frequency - unfortunately, only monthly

Profit Oriented - hey, they gotta buy the pills and booze with something!

Home Base - Tinsel Town. Names to look for/avoid - "Bad Movies We Love" (LOVE it), Virginia Campbell and Edward Margulies (just swell), Joe Queenan (an acquired taste I'm not sure that I've acquired yet), Martha Frankel (more self-centered than her interviewees)

Defining Quote - "True Lies, the story of a spy who has managed to hide his spy-don from his wife and others, would seem for a man with Arnold's accent, since a man with Arnold's accent could only be one of three things: a robot with a faulty voice program, an ex-wealthy-lifter who can't act who becomes an overpaid movie star, or a spy, and who would believe the first two?"

VARIETY - \$4.50

Variety is the newspaper of the California-based entertainment industry. It's the kind of publication that sells its front cover as advertising space. When humanities of film and television want their peers to know something, they take out an ad in *Variety* because EVERYONE reads it. Every day. What's in it besides ads? Box office gross charts, Neilson ratings, announcements of new projects and industry editorials are its fascinating contents. It's only slightly more interesting reading than the Wall Street Journal. When Larry Sanders asks Arnie if he's read the trades, he's taking about *Variety*.

Frequency - Daily in LA.

weekly elsewhere

Profit Oriented - not the mags man *raison d'être* but certainly a concern of its readers

Home Base - where else?

Defining Quote - "The champagne was flowing at Gramercy Pictures 4 for *Widowers and a Funeral* topped the weekly box office with \$5,627,213 and a \$7,805 [per screen] average. There is nothing else out there in the commercial league of this British comedy of manners."



CINEASTE - \$6.75

This was the first of the "intellectual" movie mag I pursued and as a change I found it exhilarating. They use words with three syllables! They use logic and critical analysis! The subtitle of *Cineaste* is "America's Leading Magazine on the Art and Politics of the Cinema" and if that doesn't give away their highbrow intentions, the white matter they publish on does. And it's in black and white, even the pictures. Although its projected audience is probably on the plus side of 100 in the IQ department, *Cineaste* is certainly not above the average thinking human. All that's required is a little interest in larger themes and an effort. The contributors are, to a scholar, film theory graduate students or professors, but they are interesting nonetheless. The few ads included are for graduate programs and film festivals. A slightly left or "liberal" slant spurs the choice of discussion topics up a bit.

Frequency - Four times a year

Profit Oriented - The Arts Council of New York ate it's up for them

Home Base - It's up to you New York, New YORK...

Defining Quote - "At a time when flashy but empty blockbusters receive an inordinate amount of attention, Arthur Penn's career is more exemplary than ever. Penn's films are not hermetic exercises but, like the best popular art, they do not ponder to their audiences worst instincts."

FILM COMMENT - \$5.95

If you're into intellectual masochism this is the mag for you. ("You are so STUPID!" "Ahh, tell me again..." "You are so STUPID!" "Ahh...")

This magazine of the Film Society of Lincoln Center is determined to have the highest brow and to look the funnest down its nose at the peons who aren't in its "classes", judging from its plethora of ads from the major studios, however, *Film Comment* has prestige. Too bad it can't have accessibility as well. The exceedingly dense text is comprised mostly of essays with a few interviews and book reviews.

Frequency - Bimonthly

Profit Oriented - Hard to tell, big money ads are coupled with grants from the NY Arts Council and the National Endowment for the Arts

Home Base - Yo' Momma

Defining Quote - "Our vision is articulated most fully by the natural world but flux and largesse. Overcome and outcast by the sheer plethora of external phenomena, the artist-here according to Altman must find some access to the heart of the matter... That unsatisfied appetite can feel like an abyss inside, dissociation or death."

JOURNAL OF POPULAR FILM AND TELEVISION - \$4.95

Like all legitimate fields of intellectual study, the film industry has its "journal" or collection of essays by scholars in the discipline. The installment I had the good fortune to live into was the "Ethical Issues in Film and Television" theme issue. Six intriguing pieces with titles like "Amy Fisher and the Ethics of 'Headline' Docudramas," "The Horror Film in Neoliberal Culture," and "Ethical Considerations of Promoting Prosocial Messages Through the Popular Media" are the sole text of this magazine. Their avowed dedication is, as quoted from the masthead, "to popular film and television in the broadest sense."

Concentration is upon commercial cinema and television: stars, directors, producers, studies, networks, genres, series, the audience, etc. (It's rare that the denoter starlets, ass-kissers and media moguls.) At the end there is a call for submissions for an upcoming theme issue on "Sex and Sexuality in Film and Television." If you have any bright ideas, all you have to do is mail them in on ten to twenty-five double spaced pages, following the MLA style, of course. Though this all seems horribly academic, the essays themselves are very readable. I wouldn't recommend *Journal of Popular Film and Television* to my Uncle Horace who lives and dies by the information he gleams from *Star*, but for serious film enthusiasts, it's swiss.

Frequency - four times a year

Profit Oriented - only if they're skimming from the Helen Dwight Reid Education Foundation, of which they are

BLACK CINEMA IN THE NINETIES

CINEASTE

Arthur Penn
The Hollywood
Travelogue
Rosa M. Chavez

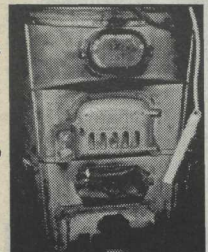
Lesbians Make Movies
John Cusack
Arab Cinema
Walt Disney

VANCOUVER SPECIAL



by KIM KINAKIN

We've all heard the proverb "you don't know what you've got until you've lost it" and you know what? It's true. When something ends, when



some place closes it's doors, you're left looking at the empty space saying "I remember when..." and you start to realize how much you took it for granted.

Yes it's true, Blast! no longer exists; last June was the last month it's doors were open. And you know, I think it's going to be weird walking past 430 W. Pender and not being able to walk into Blast! I think I will always remember that space as Blast! All the benefit shows that Claudio had in there; that "feels like home" feel when you walked in the door; hanging out, talking to Claudio. Blast! always seemed like more than just a record store with cool music; it was one of the few places in the city that was actually a part of

the scene. It's not often that a store has as much energy and enthusiasm as Blast! had and I hope that Claudio feels his energies were well spent and appreciated. Thanks a lot Claudio and good luck to your future endeavours.

"For every action there is an equal and opposite reaction"

I don't know how well that applies to this situation but, oddly enough, there is a new record store in Vancouver. Vertical Addition, that skateboard/snowboard shop at 2412 Main St., has expanded its space and now sells records. Quick comparisons to Seattle's Fallout Records spring to mind, but I think we should wait and let it develop its own character. East Van has always been in need of a cool punk/hardcore record store and now it has one, so go down and support your local record stores.

Now for a look at some of the stuff I've picked up in the last month or so:

Pluto - Deathstar 7"
Wow, another dose of happy rock-pop from those guys on that far away planet called Pluto. I understand that some of the guys in the band don't think this 7" reflects the best of their ability - I guess there aren't their favorite songs or something. But I don't see that at all: this is really good pop that I would say rocks with the likes of Smashing Pumpkins and shit. This could be on radio... imagine that: Pluto - rock gods of Vancouver. With the style/slick packaging and great songs, I think they're on their way. (Mint Records - 8699-810 West Broadway, Vancouver, B.C., V5Y 4C9)

Average White Male - CD
This is the debut release for AWM, a band that seems to crossover from industrial into a more techno rave sound - almost

like if Ministry were from Manchester. I myself like the industrial aspects more, but it is an interesting mix. Six songs on a CD these guys released at themselves. Check it out. (Hall, they even played at Graedel, so you know you can dance to it.)

(AWM - 2002 W. 4th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V6J 1W3)

Punky Rockit - demo cassette
This Portland 3-piece would probably be a hit in the East Bay/Berkeley scene in California with their happy-fun 3-chord punk-rock. This tape was only a dollar (US) in person but it might be a bit more through the mail. Ten songs following the credo of "spit on the corpse of grunge, love punk." Check 'em out live at the South Wall this month or write 'em at 2011 NE 47th Ave., Portland, OR. 97213, USA.



ZINES

RALLY 6 - #1 (S 1/2 x 8 1/2 - 20 pgs.)

A fresh new "zine" that let's you know what's happening in Vancouver, other cool "zines" to write to, plus newspaper clippings and personal rants

and rave. Free if you can find it or send \$1 to Hollie Brown Ram, P.O. BOX 1457, Bentall Centre, Vancouver, B.C. V6C 2P7.

MUSICK #1
(S 1/2 x 8 1/2 - 32 pgs.)

The premier issue of ex-Urinal Slim's Zine. Interviews with Problem Children, Flatus, and the editor of Musick, as well as a bunch of reviews, a "where are they now" of bands that appeared on the Wade Free Vancouver, and the usual punk rock shit. It's open for contributions, so write them at P.O. BOX 52023, North Vancouver, B.C. V7L 3T2.

South Dakota #2
This new little "zine" and it's little (5 1/2 x 4 1/4) - really lets you hard with it's close personal feel. A stated knife influence within the pages of issue #1 just re-confirm that it's my kind of zine. Cool, simple layouts that prove big things come in little packages. It's free at local record shops - look for it or write 425 W. 13th Ave., Vancouver, B.C. V5Y 1W4.

UP-COMING ALL-AGES SHOWS!
Friday July 1st - Benefit for Inuit Sisters Defence Fund with Insult To Injury, Lashback, Mary Janes, and spoken word by Trish Kelly at Crosstown Traffic, 316 W. Hastings. Doors - 7:30

Saturday July 1st - Benefit for Inuit Sisters Defence Fund with Insult To Injury, Lashback, Mary Janes, and spoken word by Trish Kelly at Crosstown Traffic, 316 W. Hastings. Doors - 7:30

Sunday July 1st - Benefit for Inuit Sisters Defence Fund with Insult To Injury, Lashback, Mary Janes, and spoken word by Trish Kelly at Crosstown Traffic, 316 W. Hastings. Doors - 7:30

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Thursday July 8th - Process
(straight-edge from California), Outright (S.E. from Victoria), Insult To Injury & Punky Rockit (from Portland) at South Wall.

(Lonsdale Rec. Centre in North Van.)

Saturday July 30th - Benefit for Inuit Sisters Defence Fund with Insult To Injury, Lashback, Mary Janes, and spoken word by Trish Kelly at Crosstown Traffic, 316 W. Hastings. Doors - 7:30

Saturday August 6th - Benefit for Inuit Sisters Defence Fund with Insult To Injury, Lashback, Mary Janes, and spoken word by Trish Kelly at Crosstown Traffic, 316 W. Hastings. Doors - 7:30

Saturday August 14th - 3rd Annual Blockbuster Skate Jam - you've probably heard of it before, lots of bands, lots of food, low admission, cool, cool - check it out all day at Cates Park in North Vancouver.

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a division
Home Base - Helen lives in Washington, D.C.

Defining Quote - "Popular culture as a whole in fact has undergone nothing short of revolution in the last generation, progressing from a kind of disciplinary backwater that was reflexively treated with contempt throughout the academy to one of the most prominent and important topics being examined in the arts, humanities and social sciences today."

TAKE ONE - Film in Canada - \$4.95

This was the first Canadian publication I picked up. The copy I purchased was the theme issue "Race and Canadian Cinema."

What was not mentioned on the cover was the absolutely biased left-wing distaste that was enclosed inside on the subject of not "Race and Canadian Cinema," but "White Guilt and the Inherent Malevolence of the Canadian Film System." I would be very willing to admit that a lack of equality exists in all aspects of Canadian life, including public funding for film projects. However, this magazine would



make the most liberal free-thinkers turn reactionary in the face of its whiny didactic spew. Though its thesis is clear, if intellectually ambitious, I had a very difficult time plodding through its right-minded lecturing. This is hardly a fair assessment of the entire publication but as I only had access to the single issue, I must make my judgements by it.

Frequency - three times a year
Profit Oriented - Fiel A plague strike you and your capitalist kind dead. In the eternal flames of damnation exceed the ones at the Canada Council, Ontario Arts

Council and Canadian Heritage, Multiculturalism who gave us the grants.

Home Base - Terona
Defining Quote - "How can the visions of any one institution, especially one [the National Film Board of Canada] bound with a social conscience driven by white guilt and an impulse to reform (not truly transformative change) not be limited...As publically funded institutions designed to serve all Canadians, all three institutions - the NFB, CBC and Telefilm - have miles to go to be fair, accessible, and accountable."

CINEACTION - Radical Film Criticism and Theory - \$7.00
Well, I can't complain that CINEACTION hides its intentions. If you're adequately versed in Marxist vocabulary, you will recognize the word "radical" denotes a harsh leftist stance towards moral implications that anything relatively right is evil. The magazine lives up to its title. Published by the "CineAction Collective," I picked up the "Screening the New World Order" theme issue. Included were five

essays and a bevy of reviews from Toronto's Festival of Festivals. Delving into the first article, "Star Trek - The Voyages of Discovery from 1492 to the Space Age" I was appalled and then amused by what I read. To fit her agenda, writer Yamin Jiwan twisted, stretched, twined and kneaded both the original and Next Generation Star Trek series' until they became unrecognizable origins of European imperialism and board room sexism. Her ridiculous arguments could easily be debated by any frequent viewer of either series, especially STNG. In the end, points supporting her thesis like "L.J. Geordi La Forge - A black man with a Scottish name reflecting back to a time when slavery required that all slaves have their masters' names."

Technically blind, he functions as the eyes to the vision of the captain and his first officer but yet physically he remains in the bowels of the ship," and "It makes sense" to have a black, intuitive barnaid because most programs that feature black women tend to slot them in subordinate positions, as in maids," do

nothing but make the writer look uninformed and fanatical. (Maybe I missed all the scenes where Guinan picks up the captain's laundry and polishes the brass in Ten-Forward wearing an apron and an Aunt Jemima kerchief and if that is the case, I apologize to Ms. Jiwan.)

To fit her interests lie in warping the truth to fit a world model that died in 1989, you will LOVE CINEACTION. However, if you fit this description you would also be ethically impelled to eschew capitalism as a whole and you would not be able to afford CINEACTION's outrageous cover price.

CINEACTION
The new world order

CINEACTION
The new world order

CINEACTION
The new world order

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The new world order

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CINEACTION
The new world order

Frequency - Three times a year
Profit Oriented - in their wist dreams
Home Base - that bastion of socialism, TO

Defining Quote - "The Imperialist West's triumphal proclamation of a New World Order has become an endgame even to its apologists. Victory in the Cold War is looking increasingly Pyrrhic..."

If you, the esteemed reader, have stumbled upon any cool mags in this genre, scribble the title down and send it to me here at the station. Information on underground movie "zines (that is, underground) would be exceedingly appreciated. Also, any information any of you have on the British "killer bug" (alias "the flesh-eating bug") would also help me sleep better at night. (Why isn't our government keeping us informed and up to date on this threatening menace???)

Until I overcome my chronic ennui again...

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BY GRANT LAWRENCE

Maybe it's just me, but has anyone else noticed the recent slew of unlikely signings between bands and labels? Last year saw Calgary's intro-surf rockers Huevos Rancheros make the unlikely leap to Seattle's overly grungy *C/Z* Records; two years ago we saw sloppy garage-punk rockers The Mullins sign to Warner Brothers; and now Seattle slackers Flop share label space with Michael Jackson and Celine Dion on Sony Records! Get ready to add yet another name to that list of musical anomalies: joining hard-core punkers Pennywise, NOFX and Rancid, Seattle's favourite psycho-billy cowpunks **Calgary's** *Huevos Rancheros* have signed to LA's Epitaph Records (owned and operated by major label jockeys Bad Religion). One word comes to mind: fuckwhead! Anyhow, Cal Huffer are having one last "7" hurrah on EmPy, the Seattle



label who made the band known with their first two albums and several singles. The new record, entitled *The Shill of Shrimp*, is a four song EP containing no real surprises for this crusty Cal Huffer fan. It drags along at the break-neck, train-rock speed that Cal Huffer is known for, brimming with the band's usual humour, zest and spontaneity. I hope they have a good time at Epitaph, and I hope they know what they're doing! (EmPy, P.O. Box 12034, Seattle, WA, 98102, USA).

Another interesting and unexpected match-up in Rockdom is Joan Jet's decision to return to her punk roots and

connect with some of today's signature women of punk rock. Earlier this year we heard her rock out severely with Bikini Kill on what I consider to be the best recording to date, the "New Radio" 7". Jet's latest offering is a three song EP with the Blackhearts, released independently on the band's Blackheart Records. The first track, "Spintster," is an angry rocker that reunites Jet with Bikini Kill's outspoken lead screamer Kathleen Hanna. It starts to get going, but the aging Blackhearts



are no match for the youthful, energetic edge of Bikini Kill. On the b-side, "Go Home" is a eulogy to the tragic 1993 death of The Gits Mia Zapata while the final track, "Hostility," unites Jet with two more Women of Punk, namely Jennifer Finch and Donna Sparks of L7. All the songs are in Jet's trademark fast and gritty rock 'n' roll style and more than make up for her embarrassing career move in the '80's when she co-starred with Michael J. Fox in the rock flick *Light of Day*. Remember the fucking dog? (I mean the movie, not Joan). (Blackheart Records, 155 E. 55th St., New York City, NY, 10022, USA).

Originally standing for Not From Athens but now meaning Not Funny Anymore, Hampton, New Brunswick's hard-core farm boys **NFA** also revel in a strange and unruly rock union. NFA have the distinction of being "that hard-core band" at

the end of cub's *Betti-Cola* CD doing a speed take on early cult hit "What The Waters Gave Me." After that heady climb to fame, NFA now have their very own release on which they play their very own songs. *Playing Hell With Your Faith* is a four song EP on Empton's NIM Records that showcases NFA's musical diversity with a plethora of musical styles, including hardcore, pop, metal-dige and grunge. Many of the vocal hooks give a possibly unwanted nod to the late, great Kurt Cobain; most note-worthy is the "Lithium"-like "Galactic Central Point." But no matter what dead teen icon I compare them to, the fact remains that NFA are a good-fun band that we shall inevitably hear more from.

Also on NIM is a strange re-release of six songs that were originally recorded and released independently on cassette in 1974 by a Moncton band called **Purple Knight**. At the persuasion of Maritimes rock historian and Eric's Trip member Rick White, the two members of Purple Knight reform to re-record the lost "Night of the Black Waters" on the format of choice, 7" vinyl. I always knew that Moncton's was a pretty original music scene as far as Canadian music scenes go, but why NIM had even the faintest interest in re-recording this low-fi Led Zeppelin-meets-a-deadly-serious-Leader Uppers crud is beyond me. It could be a "lost local legends" thing, which I admit is vaguely interesting, but please, do the rest of Canada a favour and keep this crap within your own province! (NIM Records, 115 Liberty Ct., Moncton, NB, E1A 6K6).

Next up is a tasty split single from Halifax's Cinnamon Toast Records starring Charlottetown's **Strawberry** and Halifax's **Plumtree**. As can be imagined, what we have here is an EP full of very sweet, fresh and juicy music. Strawberry are from the Isle/Heavenly school of soft female vocals-jangle-core and over the course of their two songs the band frequently verges on sheer musical beauty. Plumtree is relatively the same and consequently suffers as a result of being on the b-side of this split, coming across as a little more off-kilter and disorganized than their Island Province mates. Unfortunately for fans of either band, the quality of the vinyl mars complete satisfaction of this fruit-fun Maritimes EP. (Cinnamon Toast, 2464 Robie St., Halifax, NS, B3K 4N1).

Calgary's **Field Day** describe their debut 7" EP, featuring the tune "Little Secret," as "punk-pwp-power." Uhh...how 'bout "lousy-punk-metal"? To me, the epitome of punk-pop is the Ramones; Field Day's "Little Secret" sounds more like Metallica. Anyways, I will give them credit for getting it going on the last three tracks and punking it out with some good recorded energy in an SNFU influenced fashion. (Sloth Records, P.O. Box 2319,

Connaught Postal Outlet, Calgary, AB, T2S 3B1).

I recently had the pleasure of receiving a whole deluge of rock 'n' roll singles from very cool fast purveyors of the genre at Get Hip Recordings. Included in this packet was a split from Huevos Rancheros and Alabama's **Man Or Astroman?**, as well as releases from The Dummies, Sinister Six, and the Get Hip house band, The Grin. The Man Or Astroman?/Huevos Rancheros split, entitled *The Various Boss Sounds From Beyond The Far Reaches And Then Some*, is a whole bunch of instrumentals (single both hands are notably singleless). What makes it just a tad bit hard to figure out which band is which. Fortunately, Man Or Astroman make their identity known with their trademark B-movie samples blaring throughout their edge-of-the-sounds-to-be-like

Calgary's Huevos Rancheros come out on top with a duo of strong twangers. A perfect two-in-one sampler for instrumental rock 'n' roll lovers everywhere!

As for the rest of the Get Hip lot, The Dummies "In Gone" b/w "Let's Have a Party" (a cover of Wanda Jackson's hit from the '50's) is an excellent example of what a summit meeting between Gas Huffer and Billy Childish would sound like. Pittsburgh's garage-rock legends The Cynics have produced another fuzzed-out screamer in "I Live Alone," as well as

harkening back to their early psycho-folk roots with the flip side's "Hand In Hand." Thanks Get Hip, great stuff! (Get Hip, P.O. Box 666, Canonsburg, PA, 15317, USA).

New York's **The Halfbreeds** follow along in the same psyched-out vein as the Get Hip go with a debut EP of three cord 60's garage rock. The female vocals are rather obscure at times, but I get the impression that that's exactly what they're supposed to be. I wonder if the singer looks like Cher? Or maybe Charlie Brown? Anyhow, there's not much here to separate this band from the pack. If anything, their sound at times like early Jefferson Airplane, Spirit, Day's Records, 509 B'klyn St., J.C. New York, NY, 10128, USA).

Three hours south of the Halfbreeds' home turf, Albany's unassuming drinkers **Heroc** the Dugans throw us "Suckerpunch" b/w "Darius," two "up" songs of loud energetic and emotional rock 'n' roll. Comparisons? How about Young Fresh fellows meets Green Day. That's pretty good, eh?

Albany's Albany's Paint Chip Records is a rather hot surprise from Brooklyn's **Disciples of Agriculture**, a band that shatters the misconception that everything outta Brooklyn has got to sound mean and greasy (ie. The Devil Dogs). The Disciples have two songs here:

"In My Town" b/w "See Through You." Both are refreshing country-tinged rockers à la Uncle Tupelo which sound, at times, almost too commercially viable. Still, I did manage to dig them. (Paint Chip Records, P.O. Box 12401, Albany, NY, 12212, USA).

On the other side of the planet, Japan's Teenegenerat is a band that managed to have its own name misspelled on the cover of its album *Middle Recording* (released earlier this year on Cruddy Record dealership), as well as wowing an understandably stupefied audience at a gig at Starfish Rockers 'n' roll blowout. Teenegenerat's latest 7", "Sex Cow" b/w "Bad Boy," is a simple continuation of the band's reign as one of the fastest, most furious and hard rockin' groups in the world. If you were foolish enough to misth them live, pick up this pooch and experience truly maximum rock 'n' roll. (Estrus Records, P.O. Box 2125, Bellingham, WA, 98226, USA).

So that's it for another month folks. If any of the opinions stated herein actually influence you to go out and buy one of these records, take the time to thank me, buy me a martini and call me 'til the next time you see me. I'd appreciate it. Ciao!



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Hey there, punters! Gonna start this month's blabfest on a sad note. Blast! and Pop Media Culture, two of the coolest operations in town, have just shut down. It's a damn shame since they were two businesses that were extremely supportive of new artists, bands and writers without being self-serving. Thanks for the effort, guys!

Some random stuff... Saw the video for Katy (Peg Dundy) Sagal's new single; the tune sounds like something Kathy Lee Gifford would do, but the video's soft lighting does wonders for her. One of my roommates managed to get a copy of the Captain Scarlett theme on tape - you might say

"big deal", but this version only appeared on one or two episodes before it was pulled by MTV for being too gory for kids to hear. Look for it on my next Pampleur... Henry Mancini, composer of "Baby Elephant Walk" and "Peter Gunn", two songs played ad nauseam by high school bands around the world, shuffled off this mortal coil last month. Drag... David Hasselhoff, brainless slab o' beef from the world's most popular show (I'm not kidding) Baywatch, is gonna have a CD out by the end of the summer. I'm tired with anticipation... If anyone caught the O.J. Simpson 'chase' on video last month, send me a

copy! I watched it, but had no blanks. It was great hearing newscasters trying to come up with news while not really knowing what was going on... Last year, you may have read my thing on new digital formats. Mini-disc and DCC. It seems that the sales of both formats were just dismal over the last six months. Maybe people are wising up to planned obsolescence... I was listening to a CD on Demon (a British label) that does more for American roots music than most Yankee labels do! By Midwest band the Skeletons and what do I hear but a cover of the Sonny Bono tune "Laugh At Me"! This version kicks butt over my scratchy 45 original. The other songs are pretty good '60s based garage-pop, and the CD is called in *In The Flesh*. A big thank you to Lunar Suede, who dropped off a box full o' groovy greats army place last month. The past record was Glen Campbell's *Wichita Lineman* an LP4 you been searchin' for for about a year! Now here's some nutty things I got last month.

A BUNCH O' TRAINS, I GUESS...
Steam Echoes
 (Railways & Locomotives Historical Society)
 Lemme tell ya, ya gotta be a hard koo train nut to be able to sit through this series of trains - sixteen different ones - making train noises. However, you might wanna put this on to enhance your model railroad fantasies, or come to think of it, maybe during sex...
Genre: Trains In Vain
Cheezability Rating: 55

This next one comes from Rob Harrison, whose name appears a lot in this ish...
DR. MURRAY BANKS
How to Live With Yourself, Or What To Do Until the Psychiatrist Comes
 (Murmur Associates)
 Just how many psychiatrist gags can you stand? Slap this on and you'll find out. A very long shrink-meets-borsch-belt comic routine which I'll appeal to those who think Garrison Keillor is a comic genius! On the eternally rockin' 'Murmur Associates label.
Genre: Psych
Cheezability Rating: 80

The next couple are from the Lunar Suede stash...
SANDI PATTI
Lift Up The Lord
 (Impact)
 (Sandi Patti's syrupy Jesus tunes) I make ya wanna lift up The Lunch!!
Genre: 12 Inches of Jesus
Cheezability rating: 65

WENDY FORSETH
Aerobic Fraite
 (Praise Industries Corporation)
 Recorded in Burnaby circa 1976, I figure, this is the Lord's favorite exercise routine! The vocals for the songs (yar basic 'Christian contemporary' stuff) are on one channel and the instrumentals and instructions are on the other. Now get those knees up higher! If you don't, you're a low down SINNER!!!
Genre: 12 Inches of Jesus
Cheezability rating: 85

THEIR PICK OF THE MONTH
 For this one, I'll turn you over to the donator, who explains just what the hell this is way better

than I could...
KUSELA
Naurava Kulkuri/Laaketien Opiskelijan Epotativo
 (Flamingo)
 I dug this gem from the back of my parent's cheery record collection. This is your typical Finnish culture bash record full of talent and good taste. Kusela, if you were wondering, means pushed in Finnish, my native tongue. I had a good laugh listening to this while trying to translate it. I couldn't translate the words exactly, but I did my best to convey the idea behind each song. These are my interpretations (with help from my Mom)...
 Naurava Kulkuri (Laughing Hobo): A lot of songs, like opera and musicals, include laughter, as them, Jean-Pierre (Kusela) protests that this laughter is just artificial and fake. So now Jean-Pierre tells the world how to laugh, in a song naturally. It should come from the heart. He goes into fits of laughter (for about half the song). I guess to make fun of the seriousness of opera and musicals.

Laaketien Opiskelijan Epotativo (Medical Student Despair): Jean-Pierre is now a medical student who wakes up in the morning really happy because he gets to do his first autopsy! He carefully goes through his clothing to make sure he has the proper gloves and masks so he doesn't catch AIDS or some other disease. The castrator than brings in the body of a middle-aged black man. He then chooses his knife and remembers to cut from the top down. Soon enough the liver

and kidney are removed and placed carefully on the table beside him. He cannot understand why this person has died, because all the organs are perfectly healthy. So he looks at the face and notices (a sudden and obvious change in the pace of the music should be noted here so you know in the song where you are) that it is his friend! Not only has he cut up his friend, but his friend owes him a hundred bucks!!

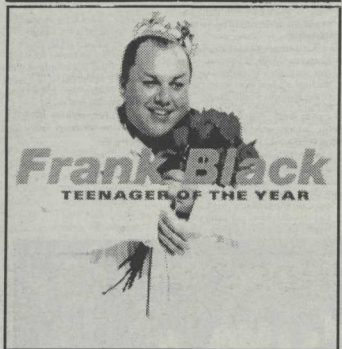
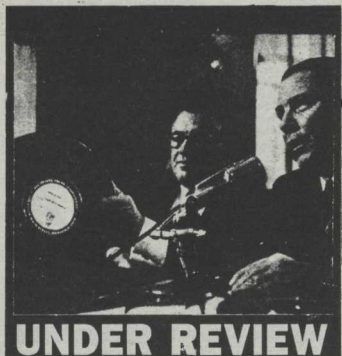
So there you go, this is Kusela; you finally have a copy for yourself to keep and play until it gets stale. I'll see if I can find any goodies for you next month. Yes, you can keep it; I have the album at home.

Basse Clement, Richmond

There you go! Certainly one of the weirdest records to date and definitely a Hall o' Famer, as well as a shoe-in to be on Pampleur Four, which I'm working on for the fall.
Genre: World Beat
Cheezability Rating: 100+

That's all for now. Actually, that's gonna be it for a little while. Yes, that's right, yours truly is going on hiatus for a few months. There's a couple of CD's the label I'm with have to get out and it's gobbling up my free time faster than Streptococcus A! However, keep writing and I'll letcha know whatz up personally! Write me at:

Mofo
 2212 E. 7th Ave.



FRANK BLACK
Teenager Of The Year
(4AD)

Is Frank Black the Shelley Long of rock and roll? Think about it... a key member of a fine ensemble cast (Pixies/Cheers) overestimates their talents and after the curiosity "There were artistic differences" speech, splits from the group to quickly descend into obscurity. While it may be a bit premature to cast this version of the future in stone, *Teenager of the Year* gives every indication that Mr. Black's best contributions to the music world ended with his former band. This album offers up 22 songs, most clocking in under three minutes, in what is an obvious and admirable attempt to stay true to the short, light and brisk essence of good pop music. Unfortunately there isn't one catchy riff or "rockin'" groove to make any of the songs memorable. It's the fast food/convenience store approach to music where quality and variety are neglected in favor of rapid-fire, mass-production techniques. 22 different songs, like 22 kinds of burgers or 22 flavours of Slurpee that all have wacky titles and purport to have

different ingredients but all really taste and sound exactly the same. The inconsistency and mediocrity of Frank Black's first solo album can maybe be overlooked as it was a "transitional" point in his life; now, however, we former fans have true cause for concern. If there is a forthcoming debut album with Bette Midler my initial suspicions will be confirmed. As least David Lee Roth will finally be able to retire as rock's current standard bearer for bad career moves.

Biff Partridge

UNWOUND
New Plastic Ideas
(Kill Rock Stars)



"Sound cannot be accurately described with language."

This sentence was what first caught my eye as I glanced at the very deliberately sloppy sleeve for Unwound's latest, *New Plastic Ideas*. While it is certainly true of the music on this disc, I feel that it is not only my job as a reviewer but also my personal responsibility to describe these tunes and convince the world of this album rules.

Unwound has been to Vancouver twice and I have missed them on both occasions; for this I kick myself every time I listen to this CD. Their music sort of creeps up on you slowly, and then it all crashes in. It was to make a water analogy, as I so often do, I would compare Unwound to a gentle shower that suddenly becomes a sea and engulfs you. The term "wall of sound" almost works, except that I find myself inside the music as soon as I hear it. This album is so melodic and intense I don't know what to call it. For a quick sample, try the final track "Fiction Friction." I'm not sure how it has been accomplished or why I feel justified in making this statement, but I think Unwound have captured the essence of life on this CD. Whenever I listen to it I do that deep breathing that usually precedes a good crying fit. I love this album! It is powerful and beautiful. It conveys emotions that everyone will relate to. Thirty-nine minutes of life recorded in stereo!

Trish Kelly

LISA GERMANO
Happiness
(4AD)



Who is Lisa Germano and how did she manage to scoop a debut on the 4AD label? It turns out that she used to be in John Cougar Mellencamp's band, but despite that *Happiness* is still a surprisingly involving and thoughtful CD.

Germano has been compared to PJ Harvey, but the connection is vague: Germano is much more melodic and much less intense. Some of these songs have the emotional capacity to actually make you feel a little bit uncomfortable listening to them, but every once in a while a truly beautiful and happy song like "Energy" or "The Dresses Song" will slide in to make sure you're still held under.

Lisa Germano has really scored on her first solo effort:

Happiness is a touching and lasting CD. Keep an eye on this one, she's going places.
W.W.

THE BRAND NEW HEAVIES
Brother Sister
(Delicious Vinyl)

The feeling that I experienced from listening to the British group The Brand New Heavies' latest album *Brother Sister* is the same kind of feelings that I get from listening to an old and well worn Stevie Wonder or Staple Singers record: it's warm, vintage, and it's got soul.

Along with their funk drenched rhythms section, the Brand New Heavies now permanent lead singer N'Dea Davenport takes the whole group to a level of soulfulness so high it would make James Brown proud. The quality of her voice and the way that she phrases her

melodies is reminiscent of veteran singers such as Gladys Knight and Mavis Staples. Unlike their U.S. hip-hop contemporaries who often dwell endlessly on the negative aspects of life, the Heavies convey optimistic messages of love and unity throughout their songs. Their abilities as musicians are also undeniably superb: the instrumentalists keep a tight groove behind the lead vocalist as well as improvising freely and melodiously on the albums three instrumental jams.

It's comforting to see that the unique sound of R&B created by Motown and Stax Artists in the 60's and 70's did not fade away like their record labels, but instead has been revived and further evolved by talented groups such as the Brand New Heavies.

Anon

EXQUISITE CORPSE
Inner Light
(Cargo)

The music of Exquisite Corpse falls into the category of electro-techno-trance music. If you haven't heard music like this imagine listening to Home Bass (Friday p.m.) at a really slow speed. Inner Light is full of weird electronic sounds that wrap around you and bounce from ear to ear before swallowing you in. The net effect of all this is an odd hypnotic state. Way weird. Way cool. This may be the best way to unwind in the final years before the legalization of marijuana. We'll worth the money.

ERI

BEASTIE BOYS
Ill Communication
(Capitol/Grand Royal)

No doubt the T.V. was always on in the homes of the Beastie Boys when they were growing up and, as these guys worship at the altar of eternal youth, I'm sure that every night their T.V.'s still glow their phosphorescent blue into the early morning hours, supplying the band with a multitude of lyrical inspirations. The Beasties'

latest release, *Ill Communication*, like their other efforts, is peppered with references to the 1970's Brooklyn environment that still surrounds them: Kojak, Rod Carey and John Holmes' jism are all cultural icons to these kids. The chosen musical accompaniment to suit these worthy subjects sounds like the



funky, groovin' soundtrack to a gritty cop show or a hard-core blaxploitation movie. As usual, the Beastie Boys' talents as their nasal rapping remains juvenile and superficial (by the way guys, after four albums you can stop introducing yourselves in every single song.). Still, absolutely no one writes better hip, beat tunes like "Sabotage" to drive a Chevy Nova by, and no one else can get away with lines like "Got to do like Chachi and Joanie/Because she's the cheese and I'm the macaroni."

Biff Partridge

JOHNNY CASH
American Recordings
(American Music)



Muchmusic said so. So did M-TV. But it wasn't until the story broke on Entertainment Tonight that I started to believe its validity. It seems "the kids" have a new musical idol that isn't exactly a fresh face on the scene. The Man in Black, known to the taxman as Mr. Johnny Cash, is making a much deserved comeback with a new recording contract (with American Music), a new producer, (heavy-guitar auteur Rick Rubin), new venues (Hollywood kiddy-mogul hangout The Viper Room and maybe Lollapalooza's second stage) and a new album (*American Recordings*).

When I learned of this new epistle from America's greatest storytelling bard, I momentarily feared that my bass-driven hero had made one of those mistakes aging musician sometimes make

in their October years and was attempting to revive a career that didn't need resurrection. Ray Charles, The Rolling Stones, and Bob Dylan had proved recently that resting on one's laurels is infinitely more noble than attempting to stay on the scene longer than one's capability for originality would allow. I should have known Johnny wouldn't be lured into the pit of mediocrity by that old tempter: Fate.

Taking advantage of his unique voice and wizened style, *American Recordings* eschews all accoutrement in order to bring the listener closer to the melodies, closer to the stories behind the lyrics and closer to the enormous talent that is Johnny Cash.

If you have, by virtue of this resurgence in his career, just realized what a swell guy he is, make sure you pick up the new Cash album *Rough Cut King of Country Music and Live at Folsom Prison* to round out your introduction to the life's work of the man with the biggest belt buckles I've ever seen. And you know what they say about the size of a man's belt buckles...

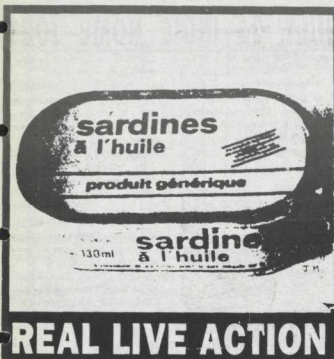
Tania Bolskaya

THE HEADCATS
Conundrum: Influencing The Stars Of Tomorrow
(Super Electro)

As any regular reader of this paper knows, I'm a pretty damn avid Billy Childish fan. Whether it was the Pop Rivets, The Milkshakes, The Mighty Caesars or The Headcats, I've always been an enthusiastic fan. Even when criticism was flung a couple of years back saying that Childish had run out of songs, I still thought of his work in punk rock as nothing short of brilliant. It's just now, with the release of *The Headcats* last two albums (*The Good Times Are Killing Me* and the new one, *Conundrum*...) that I have noticed a serious lack of good songwriting. Billy has certainly never been *angrier* than he is on *Conundrum*, but it seems that this rage is serving as a substitute for some of Billy's former best qualities; i.e. the extremely catchy melodies and powerful arrangements heard consistently throughout his

With Billy's flea-market guitar, Tub Johnson's busted-up bass and Bruce Band's tiny drum kit, *The Headcats* have shown in the past that they have the ability to rock harder, faster and more dynamically than most arena rockers could ever hope to. These qualities are conspicuously absent on this album, replaced instead by two-chord speed garage that needs a good dose of vintage Kinks-meets-the-Damned-style Billy Childish talent.

Grant Lawrence



GarageShoek '94
3-B Tavern
Bellingham, Washington
May 26-May 29

Once again, the normally quiet little haven of Bellingham was invaded by the body-trembling, ear-splitting sounds of GarageShoek '94, an annual shindig featuring 70 bands, 12 movies, 1 tavern and 800 gallons of beer! (At least that's what the bandy-dandy flyer said.) Having missed out in previous years, this was mine and my girlfriend's first introduction to Estrus Records' wild weekend and even though we only saw nine bands and two movies, we drank more than enough gallons of beer and will be damn sure not to miss out on the action next year.

So, let's see...the festivities began on Thursday night with the likes of San Francisco's The Rip-Offs, Spokane's The Makers, and those sultrians of shyness from Athens, Georgia, The Woggles. Then on Friday night we saw The Cowlingers, garage veterans The Cynics, and Dead Moon, among others. But things didn't really start heatin' up 'til Saturday.

My girlfriend and I spent the afternoon watching a great movie called *The Brimstone*, all about "a rain-sharpin' troll who travels through space and time to seek revenge on the descendants of his

past enemies." And they headed out for grub, accidentally missing an extremely short set by the first band of the evening, Portland's Galaxie Trio; you only had to turn your back for a second and they were done like dinner. Next up were Memphis cats the Oblivians injecting some hellfire blues-trash into our bulging veins and proving with their cover of Trio's "Sunday You Need Love" that they can point it out with the rest of them. Making a quick trip across international boundaries, we were then treated to Japan's Teenegenerate and their fast n' furious assault of high-powered punk blasts. Their broken-english rendition of "Hippy Hippy Shake" was also a treat. And if we thought crossing international boundaries was tough, we weren't prepared to enter another dimension for the rayon-rock of Alabancos's Man...or Astro-Man? The weightlessness of the trip must have made me giddy as I found myself bouncing up and down to the band's interstellar sounds, even engaging in the famous 'Bookman Bunny Dance' (much to my embarrassment as I looked around afterword at the curious gaze of the crowd). I came back down to Earth just in time for Bellingham's native sons, The Mono Men. Of course, re-entering the Earth's atmosphere

Songs and Stories. This ability to evolve with each recording is one reason Hüsker Dü is still revered; another reason, obviously, is great material. Undoubtedly, big time Hüsker Dü fans will be disappointed over the omission of a favourite song or two. Absent are vintage cuts like "Dance," "Flip Your Whip" and "Turn On the News." Arguably the best record, 1985's *Flip Your Whip* is only represented by a paltry two songs. Thankfully, however, what is contained is, for the most part, of the highest order - and there's even a Ramones cover tossed in.

Hüsker Dü are even more abrasive live than in the studio: the songs on *The Living End* are

doe take its toll on the human body, and after a few songs of *The Mono Men's* sweaty, no-bow rock it was time to cop some s's and prepare for another day of GarageShoek fun.

The clouds and drizzle we woke up to on Sunday seemed eerily appropriate for the upcoming night's "butt-shakin", haunted house party", as did the movies being shown that day. We checked out *House On Haunted Hill*, starring the late Vincent Price - truly a scare, my friends. The butt-shakin' got started a little later courtesy of Holland's The Apesmen and their sci-fi/futur instruments, complete with matching masks and Star Trek uniforms. Then it was time to drop a Texas time-bomb with Jack O' Fire. Walling harp, sturdy stand-up bass and rollicking drums and guitar kept the crowd hopping as this quartet played hits from their various releases, including "Meet Your Death," "I Need For Water," and covers of The Fallouts' "The Life For Me" and Link Wray's "Brandel."

Not to be outdone, however, were Tacoma, Washington's house-rockin' champions, Girl Trouble. After just two songs, an already-shirless Kurt was breaking microphones and tossing lip bal to the crowd while the rest of the band kept the hits rolling and blasted through an incredible sax/saxual! spy movie medley!

If anyone dared to follow up the fabulous Girl Trouble, it would invariably be Japan's teen sensations Jackie and The Cedrics. These guys really knew how to work the crowd and all but blew away the other acts of the night, due primarily to their hyperspeed bassist, Rockin' Jelly Bean. And to cap off an already amazing set, Phantom Surfer Johnny Bartlett strapped on a Fender for even more reverberated insanity! Meanwhile, as Johnny and the rest of us got down on our knees to worship Jackie and The Cedrics, those femmes fatales The 5.6.7.8's were preparing to carry us off to unknown heights with their own special brand of 50's fast rock - and they delivered in spades for mission tenfold. Starting with a cover of Wanda Jackson's "Let's Have A Party" and finishing with

a berserk rendition of Ralph Nielson and the Chancellors "Scream" (and scream they did), the band put big grins on everybody's face as lead guitarist Yoshiko ended up in a heap of bodies, legs flailing! and guitar screamin'. That performance topped off a truly great weekend and, as I said before, I don't wanna miss a second of this garage-blastin', beer-flowin' good time if it happens again next year. And neither should you.

Bryce Dunn

Jonathan Richman
Starfish Room
Wednesday, June 8

It seems that Jonathan Richman has been coming to town about once a year for the last ten years or so but, despite the fact that he has been a major influence in the development of my musical tastes, I have never been able to see him. Fortunately a break in my schedule finally coincided with one of Richman's gigs, providing me with my first opportunity to see this rock'n'roll icon live. I arrived to a full house of Richman fans just as the man himself took centre stage to their rapturous applause. Alone with nothing more than his acoustic guitar, he immediately burst into song and kept the adoring crowd hypnotized for the length of his 90 minute set. Richman's quirky, playful pop songs were equally as entertaining as his between song banter, most of which had

song banter, most of which had the audience in stitches with the singer's each word. The laughs were so frequent that the title "The Jonathan Richman Comedy Hour" briefly popped into my head, although Jonathan deserves more respect than that.

In a way I felt like an outsider looking in at this show. I consider myself a fair-sized Jonathan Richman fan but I was nothing compared to the core of this crowd: most in attendance knew every word to every song! Utterly outranked, I stood back, watched and enjoyed a truly incredible performer having a great time with 300 of his closest fans.

Grant Lawrence

Zumpano
Mark
Malcolm Lowry Room
Friday June 10

Ahhh, the Malcolm Lowry Room...a cosy if I place in the cluttered heart of North Burnaby where local bands can play on weekends to a room full of friends, fifty-something drunk guys and men with hockey haircuts and ties selling children's toys out of duffle bags...mmmm.

I recently found myself planted in the "atmospheric" MLR to witness new Sub Pop signees Zumpano. First up was opener Mark (one third of Horses) who started the evening off with a solo set of his catwauling, indecipherable acoustic songs, played to a mildly appreciative

crowd.

After a short break, the suit and tie clad Zumpano took to the stage and for one hour let fly songs truly great pop songs. Although Zumpano borrow their sound, structure and style from another era (late '60's - early '70's), their original songs are nothing short of brilliant. Lead singer Carl Newman is gaining much needed confidence as a front man and can sing his songs very well, backed competently by bassist/harp singer Scream and Swinger extraordinaire Jason Zumpano. The icing on Zumpano's cake, however, is the lead guitar/keyboards playing from Mike Ledwidge. His incredible solos on both the guitar and the keyboards often propel some of Zumpano's songs from being good to being great.

Of course a band that sounds this good deserves to get signed to something like Sub-Pop, and this performance sealed any doubt in my mind that they also put on a great live show. And although the Lowry Room is a possible contender for the subject of a David Lynch film, it's a great venue to see a band like Zumpano in. Just try to ignore the fifty-something drunk guys [Ha! You're one to talk - trying ignoring the twenty-something drunk table dancer! -Ed.]

Grant Lawrence

SCHOOL'S OUT, LET'S MOSH! ON SALE THIS MONTH:



L to R - Justice, Wizzle, Carl, and Lester waiting for their men to arrive

GUIDED BY VOICES	• Bee Thousand.....	\$9.95 LP/cass \$14.92 CD
PANSY DIVISION	• Deltowered.....	\$9.97 LP/cass \$12.72 CD
RANCID	• Let's Go.....	\$9.95 double 10"/cass \$14.92 CD
NEUROSIS	• Pain of Mind.....	\$9.97 LP/cass \$12.72 CD
BIG DRILL CAR	• No Worry for the Wear.....	\$9.97 LP/cass \$14.92 CD
BRAINBOMBS	• Genius and Brutality.....	\$9.95 LP \$14.92 CD
VARIOUS	• Optional Ingredients from a Vile Recipe.....	\$2.85 T
SUN CITY GIRLS	• Juggernaut.....	\$9.97 LP
POLVO	• Celebrate the New Dark Age.....	\$9.95 triple 7" \$7.67 cass \$10.52 CD
DOWN BY LAW	• Punkrockacademifightsong.....	\$9.95 LP/cass \$14.92 CD

SCRATCH/BLAST PRESENTS!

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WCKR SPGT - from Pomona
BLAISE PASCAL - from Victoria
MARK - the guy who stole your girlfriend
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HÜSKER DÜ
The Living End
(Rykodisc)

For those of us who never saw Hüsker Dü perform live, *The Living End* provides at least a share of solace. More than half a decade has past since internal problems triggered the band's bitter and ultimately demise - the actual end coming just months after this 24 song set was recorded. The songs on *The Living End* pretty much span Hüsker Dü's nine year tenure as post punk/power pop champions. Early hardcore numbers like "From the Gut" sound absolutely pitch perfect to songs from their final studio record, 1987's *Warehouse*:

Sean Harvey



CHARTS

JULY 94 LONG VINYL 50

1 VARIOUS ARTISTS	PICK ROCK VOL. I	WIRGON
2 HOPE	LIVE THROUGH THIS	GEFFEN
3 BEASTIE BOYS	ILL COMMUNICATION	GRAND ROYAL
4 JOHNNY CASH	AMERICAN RECORDINGS	AMERICAN
5 TSUNAMI	THE HEART'S TREMLO	SIMPLE MACHINES
6 IRVIN COLUMB	36C	K
7 7 YEAR BIRCH	VIVA ZAPATA	CIZ
8 P STALL	STREETS	MALADAO
9 WEEZER	WEEDER	GEFFEN
10 RV. HORTON/SUPERSUCKERS	SPIT CD	SUB POP
11 MALINAVOC	GET DOWN	CARGO
12 PANTERA	FAR BEYOND DRIVEN	EAST WEST
13 THE OFFSPRING	SMASH	EPITAPH
14 THE BEGGS	LOW-HI AT SOCIETY HIGH	IMAGO
15 P.O.W.E.R.	DEDICATED TO WORLD REVOLUTION	NETHERC
16 RIZZY	RIZZY	SEED
17 OVERWHELMING COLORFAST	TWO WORDS	RELATIVITY
18 NICK CAVE & THE BAD SEEDS	LET LOVE IN	MUTE/ELECTRA
19 FRANK BLACK	TEENAGER OF THE YEAR	4AD
20 VARIOUS ARTISTS	AFRICA NEVER STAND STILL	ELLIPSIS ARTS
21 CRYSTON	BRICK FACTORY	HARBET
22 MC-SANDY & HIS FIVE RITE BOYS	JUMPING FROM A TO B	HIGHCONE
23 THE GBS	ENTER THE CONSIDERING CHICKEN	CIZ
24 ANI DI FRANCO	OUT OF RANGE	RICHTIGUS BARE
25 WU-TANG CLAN	C.R.E.A.M.	LOUO
26 JDS	THE VENUS TRAIL	MERGE
27 COMBUSTIBLE EDISON	I SWINGER	SUB POP
28 VARIOUS ARTISTS	NOT IF I SMELL YOU FIRST	SONIC UNYON
29 THE THE	SOURCE	EPIC
30 ROLLING BAND	WEIGHT	IMAGO
31 DRIVE LIKE BEHI	YANK CRIME	EMPTY

32 NAPALM DEATH	FEAR, EMPHISIS, DISPAIR	EARACHE
33 BUNNY WAILER	CRUCIAL ROOTS CLASSICS	SHANACHIE
34 FRACAS	GRISLY LOBBY DISPLAY	INCENTIVE
35 SUPERSUCKERS	LA MANO CONNIDA	MERCURY
36 XOCOCI	PHANTOMS	21ST CIRCUITY
37 LEARNED OFFERS	OK DON'T SAY HI	PASTIE
38 BRATIMBLE	THE REAL ANELLE	KILL ROCK STARS
39 MATERIAL ISSUE	FREAK CITY SOUNDTRACK	MERCURY
40 LUKE KOYLE	STRUCTURED AMBIENCE...	GYROSCOPE
41 VARIOUS ARTISTS	THE CROW - SOUNDTRACK	ATLANTIC
42 GODHEADSLO	THE SCIENTIFIC SUPERCARKE	KILL ROCK STARS
43 ADICHO	ADICHO	IMP
44 FORAME TREE	THE SUNS RUNNING OUT	ZU LU
45 HEAVENS TO BETRAY	CALCULATED	KILL ROCK STARS
46 SHINKUO THEF	THE WITCH HAMMER	DOROB
47 NAS	ELMATIC	COLUMBIA
48 STRAIN	STRAIN	LSR
49 G-WHIZ	HOOK	MEDICAL
50 EUGENUS	MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS	ATLANTIC

JULY 94 SHORT VINYL 35

1 ERIC'S TRIP	THE GORDON STREET HAUNTING EP	SUB POP
2 PLUTO	DEATHSTAR 7"	MINI
3 SMUGGLERS/HOODES	GREAT MISTAKE 7"	FOUR MONSTERS
4 ERIC'S TRIP	WARM GEL 7"	DERIVATIVE
5 GAS HUFFER	THE SHIRL BEEPS OF SHIMP 7"	EMPTY
6 PALACE BROTHERS	PALACE SONGS 7"	DRAG CITY
7 NEER DO WELLS	HELLO, IT IS 7"	LOOKOUT
8 SMOG	A HIT 7"	DRAG CITY
9 BELLY	MOON EP	SIRE
10 DESK	ASTRONAUTS 7"	SLOW RIVER
11 JALE	PROMISE 7"	SUB POP
12 VELOCITY GIRL	SORRY AGAIN EP	SUB POP
13 THE RP OFFS	MAKE UP YOUR MIND 7"	RP OFF
14 JOAN JETT & THE BLACK HEARS	SPINSTER 7"	BLACKHEART
15 STRAWBERRY/PUMPTREE	MC/GREEN ANTITEG 7"	CINAMON TOAST
16 NFA	PLAYING HELL WITH YOUR FAITH 7"	DISQUES NIM
17 VARIOUS ARTISTS	KISS MY ASS 7"	MERCURY
18 PURPLE KNIGHT	NIGHT OF BLACK WATERS 7"	DISQUES NIM
19 BEASTIE BOYS	PRETZEL NUGGET EP	GRAND ROYAL
20 THUMPER	BEER 7"	SHIVER
21 VARIOUS ARTISTS	ANTI THIS BUS 7"	SPIN THE BOTTLE
22 REDD KROSS	VISNARY EP	POLYGRAM
23 PAT METHANY	ZERO TOLERANCE FOR SILENCE EP	GEFFEN
24 BUBBLE GUM THUNDER	RESPECT 7"	DADA
25 MUMKONEY	LEASH 7"	PLUMB
26 VARIOUS ARTISTS	YOUTH ON FIRE 7"	CANDY-ASS
27 NEW BOMB TURKS	IM WEAK 7"	GET HIP
28 BUN	MRS. ROCK & ROLL 7"	ONE LOUDER
29 KID WRONGS	STATE OF GRACE 7"	WRONG
30 BURBA	WHATS KIDDE 7"	CRAYDIOG
31 BIG HAIR	BIGHEAD 7"	POXIN
32 VARIOUS ARTISTS	SMEL YA LATER 7"	SONIC UNYON
33 FOREHEAD	SLOW COOKER 7"	URGE
34 SPUNK DAVIS	HIGH TIDE 7"	REALLY FAST RACCAR
35 TRENCHMEN/BUSS	THE FUTURE 7"	DERIVATIVE

JULY 94 INDIE HOME JOBS

1 KID CHAMPION	LUMINITE
2 10 DAYS LATE	GETAWAY
3 INQUIRY TO INJURY	BACKLASH
4 MARK	SPRING CHICKEN
5 REAL MCKENDIES	HAGGISE
6 TIGER BEAT	ONE DOZEN HAPPY DAYS
7 DEPROGRAMMERS	FREEDUMB
8 IMPALOR	UTTER CRAP
9 RICHARD BEACH	HAPPY BIRTHDAY
10 KREVIS	EXPOSE
11 GOOD HORSEY	HOW OSWALD BASTABLE RUINED MY LIFE
12 SPARKMARKER	SPEAKING OF HEROES
13 FLAMENCO A GO GO	NO SMILE
14 THE VANCOUVERS	BAD BAD BIRD
15 NFA	6961113
16 THE WHEAT CHIEFS	EVERYTHING
17 MEET DARY	SHINY
18 TENSOR	NO TIME FOR RND
19 BOLT	AMERICAN MEAT DUB
20 TATTLE TALE	A GIRL'S TOOLBOX
21 NC17	TRINITY-BELLWOODS
22 THE CULT OF THE ROMANTIC VIOLENT DEATH	THE NAIL CAN GO TO HELL
23 VOEN HALER	BRAIN DAMAGE
24 CAICAR	MEMORY
25 ICHINGING	CLEARCUT
26 SISTER LOVERS	DREAMING
27 LOADED	UNLOVE
28 THE PAPILLOMAS	EVERY HOUR
29 LITTLE MANFRED	WAG
30 DBS	WASTELAND

HOME BASS COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

1 TECHNO NATIONS II	THE MIND TRIP LP	KICKIN' JUK
2 UNION JACK	TWO FULL MOONS & A TROUT	REING HIGH/UK
3 YOKOTA	PARK WAVES	HARTHOUSE/GERMANY
4 HEXAGONE	BURNING TRASH FLOOR	DJAX/NETHERLANDS
5 DJ UNCLE FEVER	012 EP	7
6 WHITE LABEL	TB 303	IMPORTANT!/GERMANY
7 WHITE LABEL	BAGPIPES IN EFFECT	KICKMAN/GERMANY
8 PSYCHIC TV	PAINKILLER	TELEPATHIC/USA
9 VARIOUS	SHARK TRAX	RISING HIGH/UK
10 SONIC SOLUTION	TURBULENCE	R&S/BELGIUM

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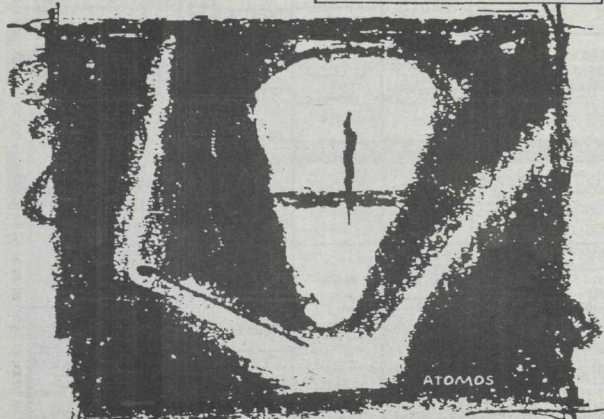
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DISCOMICS

BIG STUPID & little stupid



Met a stranger on Saturday night about nine pm on route 23. He seemed very eager to talk to me. He flagged his arms in the night air like a mad man... I should of listened to my mother "never pick up strangers," she said. Little did I know I was to be dicked and quartered that night on a steel metal table and sent to some distant solar system. Still to this day that night will still send a shiver down my disembodied spine.





at **SAM'S**
568 SEYMOUR

THE SMUGGLERS
WET PANTS CLUB



Hey Kids! Vancouver's fave garage-punk rockers, **The Smugglers** are back with their second CD release, *Wet Pants Club*, a re-issue of 1993's vinyl EP from Spain's **Radiation Records**. Twelve songs that are the epitome of the party-riot rock'n'roll that **The Smugglers** have made a household name.

MATTHEW GOOD
EUPHONY



Emotionally dystopian lyrics, intense guitar, stinging vocals sweetened with piano, cello and violin. New Renaissance folk rock.

WRETCHED ETHYL
ETHYL THROUGH THE WINDOW



"This is a great band that is definitely the future in Canadian aggressive music... Easily the best thing to come out of Canada in a long time."
- Chart Magazine

COSMIC HEROES
BIG SKY



This Vancouver based group gets better with every album. This, their second, features some of the finest pop rock you'll ever hear.
"A buoyant winner... Dynamic."
- Tom Harrison, *The Province*

ADHAM SHAIKH
REALIGNMENT



Corridors through time, Travelled by sound, Frequencies to unlock and map, Awakening of the mind, An electronic voyage of the soul.

THE INTERESTING FOUR
SMELL THE GLOVE



- a) From the band who did everything. First!
- b) The underdog punk kings of the 21st century - Sid Vicious through my sister's Ouija board
- c) "Genius... pure genius"
-Wile E. Coyote

POLYTEK ASSIMILATION
PROJECT



Polytek Systems presents *Phase III* a sample of current artists including: **M.ORG**, **MC⁴**, **Soul Control** and **Bolt**. Also includes the #2 CTR single from **Children of Atom**: "Minority of One".

BOLT
PHYLUM FLEISCH



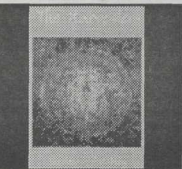
A four song dose of industrial porn-core. Members of **Lizard Hanger**, **Weiner Fudge** and **Children of Atom** give birth to this mangled, flesh-eating love child. Includes "American Meat Club" and "Aryan Hard Cock Jack"

LSD 49
INTER FUSION



LSD 49's 70 minute guided hallucinogenic trip whirls through strange, beautiful, dangerous worlds of the psychoactive voyager.
"Hypnotic... penetrating, hilarious and menacing." It can set you free! (Use only as directed.)

THE HARVESTERS
THE EDGE OF SUITABILITY



"Musically, these guys have a sound that's in keeping with Bay Rock and the music of H.O.R.D.E. bands. Strong, soulful vocals are underpinned by crisp, inventive instrumental work."
-Mick Skidmore, *RELIX Magazine*

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Now that we've finally got all that
hockey stuff out of our system,
we can, at last, get on with Summer



Guided by Voices • Bee Thousand

Who are Guided by Voices? The voices of pop history culminated, hissing from the dusky basements of Dayton, Ohio. The GVR clan are the current rediscovered undiscovered, from a foundation of pop that your parents might know, made by people who might well be your parents. Songs so damned catchy, you'll undoubtedly be enticed into seeking out their entire discography.

• 14.98 • 9.98



Velvet Crush • Teenage Symphonies

Finally, after 2 1/2 years, the new Velvet Crush has arrived, and it's been worth the wait. *Teenage Symphonies* is crammed full of glorious examples of pop song-writing that echo the finer moments of bands like Big Star, REM, and Teenage Fanclub. Beautiful and bittersweet, this record could become the soundtrack to your summer. Available 2nd week in July.

• 16.98 • 10.98



Big Drill Car • No Worse For The Wear

Huntington Beach's finest muster up another great release of drivin' guitar pop tunes. For the uninitiated, here's your chance to discover a band truly worthy of your, your friends', your relatives', even your enemies' time! We like 'em so much, we've invited them to Zulu for an impromptu set on July 15, before their Town Pump show later that evening.

• 14.98 • 10.98



LIVE! IN STORE!

The one-and-only Big Drill Car will be performing live at the one-and-only Zulu. Don't be the one-and-only that misses it!
Friday, July 15 at 3pm

Velocity Girl • Simpatico

A shoulder shrug *Sorry Again* leads off Velocity Girl's most recent run-in with the pop-adsical landscape of American indie rock while embodying the pop pride of Sub Pop's new directional attitude. Sweet vocals and catchy buzz-along guitars are key to this Girl's appeal. Nice in any language.

• 16.98 • 10.98

San Francisco Seals • Now Here

The follow-up to the eclectic and diverse *Baseball Trilogy* EP, *Now Here* continues the fun with a whole album's worth of songs from acclaimed singer/songwriter Barbara Manning and her friends. It's kinda jangly, kinda pop, kinda country, kinda strange, kinda... kinda hard to put into words. We just know it's music to our ears.

• 14.98 • 9.98

Future Sound of London • Lifeforms

This ground-breaking album is sure to appeal to the many fans who have made *Future Sound of London* one of the most discussed UK artists of the last couple of years. Elements of ambient, dance, prog, techno, and more abound. Like many of the Aphex Twin releases, this is a true hybrid of it's time.

DBLO 24.98

Beck

• One Foot In The Grave

It's not fair to judge someone by one song, so let's all forget that we ever heard *Loser*. It's not that it's a bad song—it's just not really indicative of what Beck is all about. His new album on super-cool K Records displays Beck's true path. Assisted by friends from Beat Happening, The Spinanes, and others, Beck gives us song after song of country-bluesy acoustic indie-folk covered with musings about the stuff that we all kinda sing about in our own special way.

• 14.98 • 10.98

MC 900 Foot Jesus • One Step Ahead of the Spider

The first release in eons from this eccentric Texan has him leaving his DJ behind and moving to join Rick Rubin's American Recordings label. Excellent song arrangements mixed with thoughtful and witty observations, MC 900 Foot Jesus challenges us once again to follow his path through the back streets of American culture.

• 16.98 • 10.98

It was a long haul getting here, but at last we can settle into what Vancouver does best... summer. The beaches, the sun, the rain, the mountains, the ocean, and a pile of new imports and domestics to get you into the mood.



Dick Dale

• Unknown Territory

When you get the urge to shoot the curl this summer, but Long Beach is just too far away, surf up a storm in your own home with this rippling release from legendary surf-guitar pioneer Dick Dale. This most entirely excellent follow-up to last year's *Tribal Thunder* puts the classic Fender guitar back into the hands of a true master.

• 16.98 • 10.98

Ride

• Carnival of Light

Ride's latest effort adds a bit more of a pop sound to the mix, yet still retains their infamous "phasing guitars" wall of sound. Includes the current single, a cover version of The Creation 60's psychedelic classic *How Does It Feel To Feel*.

• 16.98 • 10.98

ZULU ARTISTS PERFORMING LIVE



Saturday, July 9
Starfish Room

with guests Pump
tix: at the door

Perfume tree

Thursday, July 21
Graceland

featuring an exhibit of
photo works by Jaime Griffiths
tix: \$6 advance (Track, Zulu, Little Sisters)
\$8 at the door

All prices are in effect
for the month of July
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sunscreen.

• = cd
• = cassette
• = boat anchor